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It's Up to Skip

EVERYONE at Western Aircraft liked Skip Smith. You couldn't help it. He was a long, gangly, red-headed kid, with a heart as big as your head, and an instinctive desire to be helpful. His only fault was that he had the idea that he was smarter than the rest of us—an idea, incidentally, that was not without its foundations.

Even so, there were times when you got so tired of listening to the advice he was always giving you that you wanted to do murder. That was how Tony Marlin must have felt that morning just before Skip took off in the XBSSA-711.

Skip and Tony—who was Western's production chief, and Skip's boss—were standing with Ed Riley on the apron of Western's final assembly hangar. Near them squatted Western's XBSSA—the Eurasian job—with her twin engines turning over. They were waiting for Wally Mead, the company's chief test pilot, and General Symarion to come down and give the XBSSA her customer's approval test.

The boss had already given a contract with the general for a hundred XBSSAs.

The tooling was all made, and the order would bring enough money for Western to help build an extension on the plant.

That made everybody happy. Except Skip. Skip, as usual, had a few ideas on the subject, and was sounding off in his habitually positive manner.

He was feeling proud of himself because he had been chosen to go along on the acceptance flight as observer. The only reason he had got the assignment, of course, was because he was the only person at Western with any technical knowledge at all who spoke French, which was the general understood. But he was pleased with himself. Just the same.

"What I can't see," he was saying

to Tony, "is why those guys want auxiliary controls in the rear-gunner's compartment at all. You couldn't land the job from there. There aren't any landing gear, flap or brake controls. Just a stick, rudder pedals, a couple of throttles and a few instruments. If I had anything to say about it, I'd—"

"I know," said Tony caustically. "You've mentioned that before. You'd have a full set of controls back there. But can't you get it through that noggin of yours that you haven't anything to say about it? The control and armament systems were built to the customer's specifications, and the customer wants 'em like they are."

"I know that," said Skip. "But it's dumb. Those controls are all right for temporary pilot relief. But

look. Suppose the pilot gets killed? What then?" He shrugged. "They're out of an aeroplane. I should think this General Symarion'd be smart enough to see that."

Tony scowled. "He is. The general has been horsing around aeroplanes for twenty-five years. And he's spent about fifteen of 'em as a military pilot. All he wants those auxiliary controls for is to give the pilot a rest, once in a while."

Wally Mead, General Symarion, and the boss came out of the operations office just then. The boss smiled, and said, "Good morning," to the general.

"Enchanted!" said Skip, bowing in his best French style.

The general grunted. He was a short, swarthy man, incredibly fat, and was dressed in a pair of white overalls that seemed to increase his actual girth. He sported a black moustache, and a brusque and monumental dignity that Skip supposed was meant to emphasise his high military rank and all-round importance. Skip was prepared not to like him; and he was not disappointed.

Wally Mead walked around to the front of the ship and waved vigorously to attract the attention of Jerry Southern, the check-out mechanic. Jerry throttled the engines back, swung open the top of the cockpit enclosure, crawled out and grinned. "Everything's sweet, Wally," he said.

"Good!" said Mead. He turned to Riley. "You ride in the front compartment. Ed'll read the data for your report down to you through the interphone from my instruments. Skip will ride in the tail end with the general, and fill in his report from the instruments back there. That way, we'll have two sets of performance data, and the general can compare them. Explain that to him, will you, Skip?"

Skip did so, and the general grunted. "Tres bien."

Riley crawled into his chute harness, and hoisted himself through the trap-door of the glass-enclosed bombardier's compartment in the nose of the ship. Skip expanded a "chute harness" to its fullest to fit the general, slipped into his own, and boosted the general up the ladder to the entrance hatch on top of the rear gunner's compartment.

He followed him through it, fastened the hatch after himself, and strapped the general into the rear gunner's seat. After which, he settled himself in the auxiliary copilot's seat, and snapped on the



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interphone to tell Wally Mead that he was set to go.

The ship bumped slowly down the field to the end of the runway, and stopped. Wally swung it into the wind, and for the second time, the sound of the twin engines widened into a roaring crescendo.

"Here we go," came Wally's voice through the interphone. "Nine-two, a.m.," he added.

"Nine-two, a.m.," echoed Skip and swiftly noted on his flight report the readings of his engine instruments.

The general reached forward and tapped his shoulder. "We're taking off?" he asked in French.

Skip nodded.

Twenty minutes later they were at twenty-seven thousand feet, and still climbing. They were now using oxygen. Skip, with the oxygen tube caught in the corner of his mouth, leaned back in his seat, and allowed his mind to run back over his conversation with Tony. Tony was a good egg. So was Ed Riley. He shouldn't have kept nagging that

He tried to recover the tube, but somehow could not find it. The weight of his hand became an all too enormous, impossible, and the tremendous centrifugal force of the spin—far aft in the tail as he was—forced him harder and harder against the bulkhead. There was a roaring in his head and a darkness descended over his eyes. "Say," he muttered. "Say—" And then he lost consciousness.

What had happened was this. Up there in the substratosphere, five miles above the earth, had floated one of the Weather Bureau's free balloons, to which was attached a case containing a recording barometer and thermometer. And out of all the immensity of the sky the XBSSA, travelling at some two hundred and seventy miles an hour, had managed to occupy for a split second the precise spot where that case of instruments dangled.

Wally Mead never knew what hit him. The heavy case came crashing through the cockpit window, taking him squarely in the head and hurling him back unconscious in his seat. And above him, outside the ship, the balloon whipped briefly in the slip stream, and, in the moment before its cable broke, snapped off the vertical antenna on top of the fuselage, cutting the XBSSA off from all communication with the ground.

The thing that brought Skip to was a horrible shrieking like the sound a tramcar's wheels make against the rails when they round a corner. He opened his eyes. Before him the instrument panel quivered on its shock-mountings, so that he could hardly read it. He noticed, though, that the air-speed indicator was glued to the stop at five hundred miles an hour.

Vaguely, he looked at the inclinometer. Its needle was jammed against the "Down" stop. Simultaneously, he realised that the centrifugal force was not pressing him against the bulkhead any more.

Please turn to page 4

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By HURD BARRETT

way. It wouldn't have cost anything—

He was jarred rudely out of his thoughts by a sudden shock, and by a tremor that ran through the ship.

"What was that?" inquired the general from behind him.

"I don't know, M'sieu," said Skip. "I'll find out." He was reaching for the button on the interphone when he noticed suddenly that the engines were laboring and that the ship was vibrating throughout its length.

"Say!" he began in astonishment. And then it happened. The heavily laden XBSSA lost flying speed and hung suspended in a power stall.

Then its nose dropped, and it whipped off into a right-hand power spin so violent that it threw Skip against the bulkhead to his left, half stunning him and jerking the oxygen tube from his mouth.

A PIECE OF CHEESE

By Jean Scott

I CLIMBED the stairs wearily to my shabby little flat, and thought how nice it would be to have a house, a large house surrounded by a cool and spacious garden.

I found myself smiling ruefully at this romantic notion. I wouldn't have much chance to enjoy such luxuries if I went on working as hard as I was at present.

The telephone rang as I opened the door. In answer to my "Hello," a pleasant voice said, "Hello, Grace, how are you?"

Rather puzzled, I replied, "Very well, thank you, who is it speaking?"

My circle of men friends with pleasing voices—or otherwise, for that matter—is distinctly small.

"Don't say you've forgotten that life-of-the-party you met at Madge Green's on Saturday?"

"No, I haven't," said I, chuckling. "May I bring those books around to you now?"

"I should like you to, but I'm on the fourth floor and we have no lift. Besides, the night is very black and menacing. So what do you think?"

"Nights don't usually menace me. I think you're just trying to discourage me from venturing out. At least, I hope consideration for me is the reason of your half-hearted invitation. Anyway, I'll be around in twenty minutes."

With a laugh I hung up.

So he had remembered. I'd rather hoped he would; not because I'd been tumultuously swept off my feet in one brief meeting, but when a woman is on the wrong side of thirty it's as good as a tonic for a man to remember her, be it ever so little.

Madge's party had been as usual. She is no longer a girl, but has retained many youthful, even kittenish, ways. So her friends, with the exception of a few old school-mates like myself, are youthful, gay and bright. So very gay and bright that they unconsciously make me feel extremely old, and extremely dull.

At each of these parties I'd gone fully determined that this time I would not allow this feeling to infect me; but it had always been the same, and I'd become reconciled to it, almost.

This fellow, David Harris, had returned recently from overseas with leg injuries. He had come with one of Madge's friends to the party, and was the centre of attention on arrival.

David couldn't dance, so he gradually took his place among the spectators as I did.

I was used to being left out, though I still felt like a spaniel when someone tossed me a remark. My main trouble was to keep a smile on my face and not give boredom a chance to show itself; not boredom at my friends enjoying themselves in their own way, but at myself that I couldn't get anything from their gaiety.

We drifted into conversation, starting with the weather, passing lightly over important subjects, and becoming very, very serious about our personal likes and dislikes. We quietly argued about sport, literature, the theatre, and hobbies.

He promised to lend me some books of views he'd brought home. Before we'd arranged when and where I'd get them, I was being kindly, but firmly, escorted home by some of the party, and had merely waved a general farewell to those who remained.

And now it was three days later. I'd often thought of David Harris. The talk we'd had was pleasant to ponder on, and he'd given me some new angles on my pet subjects. I'd changed my frock and was settling down to read when I heard the snap of a mouse-trap in my kitchenette. No use leaving it, I might forget it, as I did on one occasion. As I picked it up, my

doorbell rang, and I greeted my visitor with the poor little corpse dangling from the trap.

"This is rather a novel style of greeting I must say," he exclaimed. "Still, not as bad as it might have been. After our talk a few minutes ago I thought you might have had a bulldog to warn off unwanted callers," he said.

"This little chap is an unwanted caller, but I find a trap enough to deal with him. Now I'll leave him to you; getting rid of the catch is the worst part of the business."

"But he's not quite dead yet."

"I know, that is the part you deal with, or would you like to put his neck in splints and send him back to Minnie?"

He laughed, and said, "I don't think I will. If he hadn't allowed a piece of cheese to woo him from Minnie he wouldn't be in this sorry plight."

"A piece of cheese, in various guises, is liable to tempt much wiser people than our little friend here. I expect you've often been tempted by things which didn't really appeal to you nearly as much as cheese appeals to a mouse."

"Now I'm glad you raised that point." As he leaned against the wall, his eyes twinkled mischievously. "I've always wondered if, say, my liking for another fellow's girl could be measured, statistically, to outweigh the feelings a mouse has on sniffing cheese. Have you the figures?"

"You're just a humbug." I tried to sound stern, but broke into a laugh. "Never mind figures; you remove that little animal before he decides to move himself."

"Ever at your service, madame."

I still can't quite remember how the conversation veered around to the point where he was saying:

"By the way, are you married, no, I know you're not, I mean, engaged or anything?"

"No, are you?"

"Yes, have been, on and off, for two or three years," very calmly.

"Is she nice?" I brightly asked, and hurriedly added, "Isn't that silly? I mean, what is she like?"

"Not at all like you."

"Good for her."

"I don't know," thoughtfully. "You have some exceptionally attractive qualities."

I didn't wish to appear pleased about this remark. If he hadn't just flung a fancee in my face, so to speak, I could have allowed myself a bit of pleasure from the compliment, but, for all I knew, he might be one of those scoundrels who go round flattering women wildly, and collecting scalps to decorate his belt. So I suggested we look at his books.

For an hour the time passed most pleasantly, while he described these pictured places he'd seen so recently.

When he rose to go he said: "May I bring Denise around one night?"

"I'd like you to," I said, not meaning a word of it. "Phone me when you'll be along."

When he'd gone, I decided I was sick and tired of being the kind of

With Jack around I should at least be spared the ignominy of listening to the simperings of the engaged couple.

On Friday I straightened up the flat, and decorated its more shabby parts with plenty of flowers. It looked quite homely and comfortable.

David and Denise arrived about eight o'clock, Denise looking as blonde and petite as I'd expected.

"What a frightfully awkward place to reach," was her first remark. "I'm sure I could never bear to live in a place with so many stairs to climb. But I don't suppose you mind, you're so frightfully big and strong," and I felt like a shaggy cross-bred who has inflicted hardship on a fragile lap-dog.

"Don't be an ass, Denise, talking as though Grace weighs twelve stone and you about six. You know you were over nine stone when you weighed last week. What's your weight, Grace?"

"Just a bit under nine stone," said I, ungallantly and untruthfully. I should have said "over."

"I'm sure those scales were wrong." Denise wasn't giving this point without a bit of a struggle. "I was only about eight stone when I weighed the time before."

"And I suppose you were only about eight years old, too," muttered David.

This, I thought, is going to be a very jolly evening. The sooner Jack puts in an appearance the better for all of us.

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or at least very bored with each other.

He came, almost immediately, bounding up the stairs, looking very fit and attractive in his uniform. He greeted me, as usual, with a kiss, and was introduced to the other two. His appearance had livened us up, particularly Denise. She looked quite interested and eager.

"I have a new blackout story," he announced proudly. "Should I censor it?" I hurriedly asked him.

"Gracie, my chickadee, you wrong me. Do I ever tell improper stories, I mean in public?"

Denise was the type who felt neglected if she was out of the conversation for more than two consecutive sentences, so now she chimed in with:

"Go on, Jack—do you mind if I call you 'Jack'? — I'm sure you wouldn't tell a shocking story."

"Thank you. I shall proceed with it, then," Jack said. "And, what's more, it happened to a pal of mine. He was walking down the road one exceptionally black night, and just ahead of him was a very nicely-shaped little lass. He thought she might be scared on her own, so he caught up with her."

"They started chatting. She was a very entertaining girl, and he was on the verge of asking her to dinner and a show for the following night, but thought he'd better wait until they saw each other in the light, so they would be able to recognise each other again."

"Courteous, but not foolhardy," whispered David.

"As it happens, it was just as well he did, because when they reached a glimmer of light in the main street he recognised that the charming lass at his side was his mother-in-law, all logged up in some sort of uniform."

We treated this "true" story of Jack's with reproach, and begged him to stick to fiction.

Jack, as usual, took control of the conversation, and was very blithe and gay.

We chatted on for a while, had supper, and my guests prepared to leave. Jack lingered a couple of minutes to murmur, "Nice line, Denise, eh? But they're engaged, aren't they?"

"Yes, but I don't know why."

"No, it doesn't look like love to me," he grinned.

Days passed, and I was immersed, like the chief and everyone else in the office, with problems created by a reduced staff. I didn't mind the work, but it made me less inclined to go home to prepare my own meals. I fell into the habit of having dinner each evening at the cafe in the building.

One night, just as I'd started on my meal, David came in, and sat at my table.

"So the big business woman has given up her culinary pursuits?"

"Well, temporarily, just a war-time measure," I smiled back at him.

Please turn to page 14

Sparkling comedy romance chosen from entries in our recent fiction contest.

woman who gets men's confidences about their romances. Now is the time, I decided, to put a stop to this sort of thing.

A few days passed, and I hadn't worked out any plan of action, but my determination hadn't wavered. And then he phoned to ask could he bring Denise around on the Friday evening. I really had to think out a scheme now.

Just at this point, my own particular guardian angel popped up with a plan all cut and dried.

Madge rang to say that her brother Jack would be home from camp for a few days, and he'd asked her to arrange a game of golf for him. We could easily get in eighteen holes at Albert Park before dark.

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It's Up to Skip

Continued from page 2

THEY'D stopped spinning, then. They must be diving. A five-hundred-mile-an-hour dive. Five hundred miles an hour. Say, that was too fast! Behind him, he heard the shouts of the general.

And then he came fully to his senses. "Wally!" he shouted into the interphone. "Wally!"

Instantly, Riley's voice came back to him. "Skip! Cut the throttles and pull her out! Quick!" Immediately, Skip reached forward and cut both throttles. The roaring of the engines diminished, but the car-track sound grew and swelled in his ears until he thought he would be deafened.

He took hold of the control stick and started to ease it back, but it seemed locked, somehow, in the forward position. He looked at the altimeter, and saw that it showed 10,000 feet. With the normal lag of the instrument, that meant that the XBSA had less than half that altitude between it and the hard surface of the earth.

Frantically he took the stick in both hands, braced his feet against the bulkhead in front of him, and pulled. Whatever was jamming the controls still resisted him.

He pulled harder, and whatever was holding the stick yielded a bit, and then suddenly came free. His every instinct, then, was to pull the stick clear back into his stomach, but he was thinking again, by now, and he remembered that the XBSA weighed over ten tons. Ten tons translated into a sudden pull-out from a dive of such terrific velocity were many times more weight than she was built for.

A sudden pull-out now might tear the XBSA to pieces like a shot clay pigeon. And the altimeter read 6000 feet.

"Skip! Skip!" came Riley's voice through the interphone. "For heaven's sake pull out!"

Skip eased back on the control stick some more. The air-speed

dropped to 400. "How much altitude have we?" he shouted.

Riley's voice held a frantic urgency. "None, guy, none! Horse it! Drag her back and pray!"

Skip backed against the rear bulkhead and pulled. The stick shivered in his hands and all through the ship rivets, ribs, longitudinals, and plating groaned and crackled. Skip was thrust breathless into his seat, and a horrible blackness started to drift across his eyes. But through it, dimly, he saw the inclinometer needle hit zero; and then show a positive rate of climb.

With a prayer of thanksgiving, he eased forward on the stick until the pressure lessened. Briefly, through the small side window of his box-like prison, he caught a flash of the high buildings of Western City. He was beneath their tops!

"Whew!" came Ed Riley's voice through the interphone. "That was close!"

Slowly Skip eased the stick back, opened his throttles, and commenced to climb. The relief of still being alive left him weak and shaking; and for a full minute he sat there without thinking or feeling, flying the ship mechanically in a gentle climb. Then, suddenly, he thought of Wally. Something must have happened to Wally, for it must have been Wally's body that had jammed the controls. Then Wally must have been unconscious, too.

He worked the stick back and forth. There was no responsive movement from the front cockpit. "Wally!" he shouted through the interphone. "Snap out of it!" Still there was no answer.

Behind him, a voice said: "What happened?" and he started. He had forgotten Symarion. He turned in his seat. The general's face was white as chalk; but he was in complete command of himself.

"I don't know," said Skip. "Something wrong with the pilot, I think." Through the interphone,

he said. "What's the matter with Wally, Slim?"

"Wait a minute," said Slim. "I'll see if I can find out." The bombardier's compartment on the XBSA was below and slightly forward of the pilot's cockpit. There was no passage between the two, but there was a small window, covered with safety glass, through which the pilot, when he was sitting erect at the controls, could see the bombardier's hand signals during bombing manoeuvres.

Skip waited. After a moment Ed called back. "He's out cold. It looks like it's all your party now."

"What do you mean?" asked Skip. "I mean this," said Riley. "It looks to me as if Wally's hurt bad. I don't know what happened to him, but he's got a gash in his head, there's blood and glass all over the cockpit floor, and he's hanging sideways out of his seat like a wet sack."

"Oh!" said Skip. "Oh!" He took a deep breath, and sat for a moment soaking up the realisation of his predicament. It was amazingly simple, yet horribly complex at the same time. So long as it remained in the air, the XBSA could be flown from the rear cockpit; but so far as Skip could see, that was the only ray of light in the whole mess.

No means of communication existed between the rear-gunner's compartment and the pilot's cockpit. The bomb-bay, sunk into the belly of the ship, and occupying most of its fuselage, was between them. Neither was there any means of gaining the pilot's cockpit from the bombardier's compartment. And in a ship with wheels and flaps up and brakes inoperative, the chances of anyone surviving a forced landing at ninety miles an hour were so slight as to be negligible.

Particularly since—from the rear gunner's compartment—he could see neither down nor forward to judge his landing.

He took another deep breath, and said to the general, "The pilot is badly hurt, m'sieu."

The general turned the precise shade of a piece of old parchment. "That's very bad," he said.

"Without hydraulic controls, I cannot land the ship with safety. You will wish to use your parachute, no doubt?"

"But certainly," said the general. "We must all use our parachutes. The ship is not meant to be landed from back here."

Skip shrugged. "Nevertheless, I must try to land it," he said. "I cannot leave the pilot."

The general stared at him in amazement. "But that would be very foolish," he said. "Of what use to kill two men instead of one?"

"I'll have to take that chance," said Skip.

The general shrugged. "The thing is impossible. Even I would not attempt it. A man may take chances, yes. But here you have no chance at all." He unbuckled his safety belt and stood up. "I would stay, if I could help, but it would be useless."

Skip nodded. "I understand, m'sieu." Through the interphone he said, "Where are we, Ed? I mean are we over open country?"

"No, pal," said Riley, sardonically. "You're over the ocean. Take a slow left turn and fly about north-east."

FOR a moment Skip was silent, thinking hard. Then he said slowly: "I've got to figure out some way to see from back here. Do you think I could get the top enclosure open? If I could, maybe I could swing this table around, sit on it, and poke my head out the top."

"Kid," said Riley vehemently. "If you touch that enclosure, you're going to be minus the door, the vertical stabiliser, your rudder, and an aeroplane. It isn't made to be opened in flight. Get your boy friend to open the lower gunner's door. You won't be able to see where you're going, but at least you'll know where you're been."

"Thanks," said Skip. The lower gunner's door was designed so that a machine-gun could be trained down through it, and was also intended for use as an escape hatch. Its opening was just twenty-two inches across, and forty-eight inches long. The general slid the door open, and Skip looked back and down. Two thousand feet below him the blue waters of the Pacific gleamed in the sunlight.

"How far out are we?" he asked Slim.

"About three or four miles offshore. Turn left a little and you'll be heading just north of the airport."

Skip made the turn. "Look," he said to Ed. "I wonder how this would work? We'll get rid of the general. Then I'll throw the thing into a minimum glide with the throttles cut and we'll make a couple of practice approaches to the field. I'll call off altitudes. You sight directly down at the points we're passing over, and write them down opposite the altitudes I give you. Then, after we get my approach pretty well figured out, you can bail."

"What do you think I am?" asked Slim, indignantly.

"Look," said Skip wearily. "don't be a snicker. I'll make out okay. Sitting up front like you are, you wouldn't have the chance of a hamburger in a dog pen. We'll be doing ninety when we hit."

"And you wouldn't even hit the airport without me to tell you where you're going. I'm sticking, so forget about it. Besides, I'm working on something. I had my knife in my pocket, and I've just about got the screws out of this window behind me. It looks to me, from where I sit, like I may be able to reach through with a length of cable I just tore loose from the bomb-release mechanism, and loop it over the landing gear retracting lever."

"That, my friend," said Skip, "would be just ducky." The XBSA had a tricycle landing gear—that is, if it were down—would make all sorts of allowances for improper approaches. He held his breath. After a moment, and three or four grunts up forward, Ed's voice said: "Got it!"

Skip felt the XBSA slow up as the wheels went down. "Well," he said, "that's something, anyhow." He tried not to think of how far the XBSA would roll, with a ninety-mile-an-hour landing speed, and no brakes.

"You can get rid of the general any time you want to," said Ed. "We're over the north boundary of the airport."

"Thanks," said Skip. Then: "I wish you'd go, too."

"Well, I won't," said Ed. "So forget about it, and keep your mind on your work."

Please turn to page 20

"They'll do for months yet"



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BOTANY BAY

By C. NORDHOFF and J. N. HALL

SERVING a life sentence of transportation in New South Wales, **HUGH TALLANT** plans to escape in the American brig, *Harriet*, with his friends **TOM OAKLEY**, whose wife deserted him, **DAN GOODWIN**, whose sentence has actually expired, and Dan's wife and child.

Their other great friend, **NELLIE GARTH**, has disappeared since convicts set her free when she was convicted of the murder of the villainous transport captain responsible for her foster-son's death.

SALLY MUNRO, in love with Hugh, undertakes to bribe the captain of the *Harriet* to send a boat to Botany Bay to pick up the escaping party. But on the day of the escape, Hugh and Dan are sent on special work to Parramatta. They sneak away in a boat under cover of darkness the following night.

Hugh continues his narrative:—

NO time was wasted. We pushed off silently, boating down river with the ebb while we set our sails. A light northerly breeze was making up, and three hours later we sailed into Blackswattle Bay. As we approached the jetty, Tom appeared.

"I'd all but given ye up!" he said. "Now, lads, work fast!" said Dan.

We stowed his chest with the provisions amidships and fetched the muskets and our own canvas bags. Our pig, rooster, and four fowls were stowed in the bow. I made a bed of blankets for young Tommy forward, and lifted the boat's water keg to make sure that it was full. Dan came down from the cottage, carrying the boy and followed by Bella. We pushed off with scarcely a glance behind.

Bella took the tiller while Goodwin, Oakley and I pulled mightily. Then at last we could get up sail, and an hour later we were breasting the long Pacific swell and bore off for the run south to Botany Bay. The breeze held fair and steady from the north.

Dan settled himself comfortably at the tiller. "We'll fetch Cape Solander by eight bells . . . Lay ye down with Tommy, Bella. We'll sight the brig, come daylight!"

Dan steered close to shore until we made out the capes, towards four o'clock, then ordered the sheets trimmed as he bore up to head south-east. We had sailed little more than an hour on this offshore course when the breeze began to slacken, dying away at last to a flat calm. We were then four or five miles south of Botany Bay, and as many from the land.

The sails were lowered and we sat staring to the eastward, as if the intensity of our gaze might hasten the coming of the new day. At last the stars paled and the horizon grew luminous with dawn. Goodwin rose stiffly to his feet.

Slowly the black sea turned misty-blue, while the faint grey light in the east was touched with rose, and brightened to dazzling gold as the sun came up.

"There she is!" Dan exclaimed. "Look! Just right o' the sun!"

Gazing in the direction indicated, I made out a pair of tiny projections above the horizon line, which disappeared as we sank into the trough between two swells.

"Her fore and main masts," said Dan. "To the oars, lads!"

No watermen on the Thames, rowing in a regatta for a great prize, ever pulled as we did or had a tenth as much at stake. The heavy boat leaped forward to breast the seas while we set our teeth and made the stout ash bend at every stroke.

"Hearty does it!" Dan panted. "With a will now! Break yer backs! They're on their way. We must get in sight afore the wind makes up!"

Young Tommy stood in the bow, staring ahead as intently as his

mother. A long time had passed when he turned, excitedly.

"Look, father!" he cried. "We're bringing her up!"

Dan glanced over his shoulder. "So we are. Her t'gallants is showin' . . . Pass yer shawl forrard Bella . . . Now, son, can ye climb the mast and make this fast to the truck?"

Sweat streamed down our faces and plastered our shirts to our backs, but the brig, on which we had gained for a time, seemed farther away than before. Now and again, when boat and vessel rose simultaneously on the swell, many miles apart, we had a glimpse of her royals, ever smaller and more indistinct.

I knew only too well what had occurred: The north wind had made up offshore, and had reached the brig well before we could hope to have it, but we pulled on, never slackening our stroke. Bella stared ahead, speaking to Dan in a low voice each time she sighted the *Harriet*. Presently she bowed her head in her arms.

"It's no use, Dan! She's gone," she sobbed. "Hold that tiller!" he commanded harshly.

We rowed grimly on for another half-hour, but at last Dan rested on his oar. "Avast pullin', lads," he said in a dull voice. "We've lost her."

We sat slumped down on the thwart, weary and heartsick. The boat slid gently over the long, smooth swells.

Oakley was the first to speak. "What's to do? Is it back to master with our tails between our legs?"

"Now we'll never see home—never, never, never!" Bella cried in an anguished voice.

"Hush!" said Goodwin sternly. "Take the oars, lads." He spat on his hands and gripped his own.

"Where to, Dan?" Mrs. Goodwin asked. Before he could reply, our rooster, despite his cramped quarters in the crate, managed to clap his wings and crow lustily.

"Yon's a brave little fellow," said Dan. "Never say die! Is the word with him . . . Steer for Botany Bay," he added to Bella.

As the sun rose, the heat became intense, despite its being winter in these climes. We pulled on. Weary, weary work it was, dragging the heavy boat towards Botany Bay, and we had little heart for it now. Only the unspoken thought of pursuit kept us doggedly at it.

Mid-afternoon found us within the bay. It lay before us as solitary as though sea birds alone had visited the place.

Dan had a smuggler's eye and a smuggler's memory. We headed into a narrow, winding drain screened by tall sedge grass. We poled the boat well into it; then, wading in knee-deep mud and water, hauled it yet farther around a bend where we could be completely hidden.

"Tide's at the ebb," said Goodwin. "There'll be water spicely by nightfall."

There was firm ground a short distance inland. Dan took Tommy on his shoulder and carried him there, returning to fetch Bella, Tom and I brought the crate of fowls, the pig and the sack of vegetables we had thought to give the captain of the brig.

"Best here, Bella, with Tommy," said Goodwin. "Hugh and Tom and me will have a look inland. We'll be back directly."

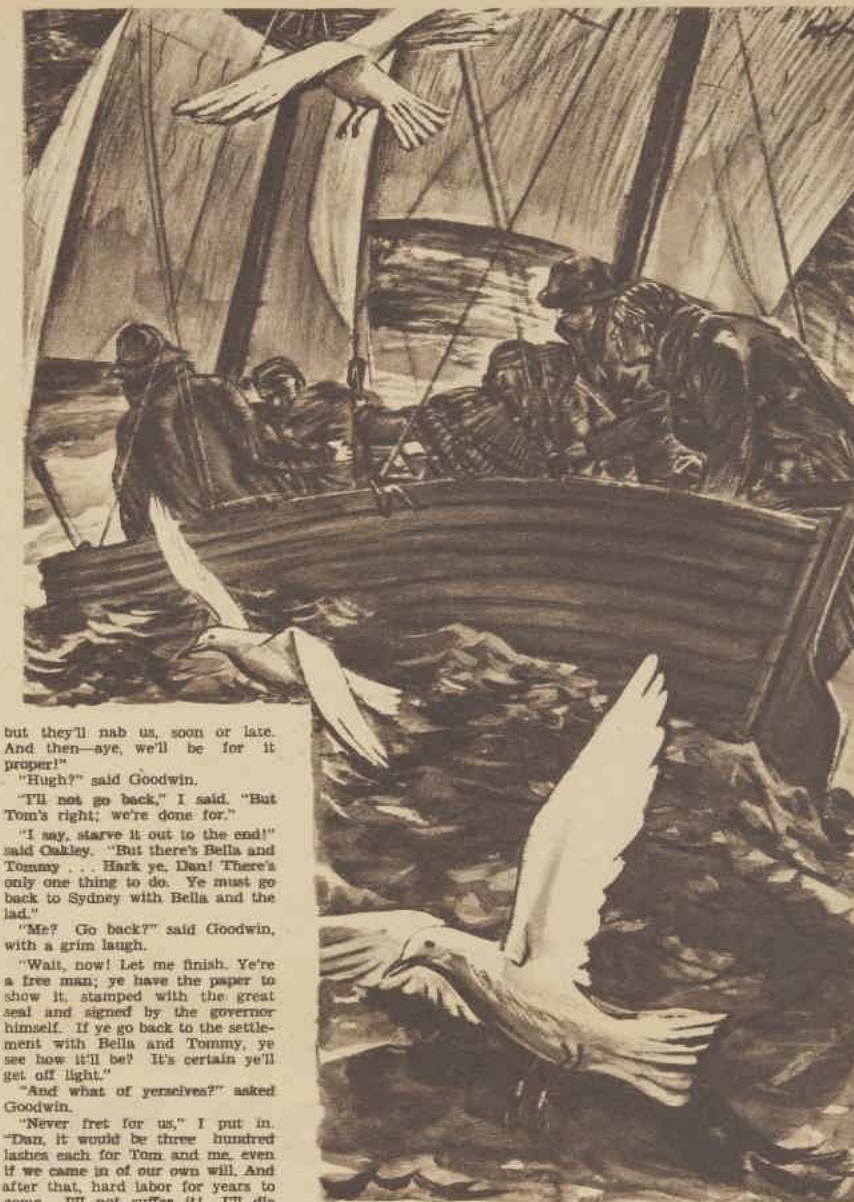
He led us on till we were well out of earshot.

"Well, Dan?" said Tom.

"Speak first," said Goodwin.

Tom shook his head, with a rueful smile.

"If ye ask me, we're beat. We can hide out for a month, maybe,



but they'll nab us, soon or late. And then—aye, we'll be for it proper!"

"Hugh?" said Goodwin.

"I'll not go back," I said. "But Tom's right; we're done for."

"I say, starve it out to the end!" said Oakley. "But there's Bella and Tommy . . . Hark ye, Dan! There's only one thing to do. Ye must go back to Sydney with Bella and the lad."

"Me? Go back?" said Goodwin, with a grim laugh.

"Wait, now! Let me finish. Ye're a free man; ye have the paper to show it, stamped with the great seal and signed by the governor himself. If ye go back to the settlement with Bella and Tommy, ye see how it'll be? It's certain ye'll get off light."

"And what of yourselves?" asked Goodwin.

"Never fret for us," I put in. "Dan, it would be three hundred lashes each for Tom and me, even if we came in of our own will. And after that, hard labor for years to come. I'll not suffer it! I'll die first!"

"Ye won't suffer it," said Goodwin, quietly. "No more will I go back with Bella and little Tom."

Tom glanced up. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"We're not beat! Not lads, we'll clear this same night, but not for Sydney. We'll make for the Dutch Indies."

"What?" I exclaimed. "In the boat?"

"Aye, in the boat. Now let me tell ye summat I'd ha' spoke of later, save for what's come between. When I knowed there was to be no goin' home for me, I done some hard thinkin'. I'd have the freedom I'd earned, and I could see no way but to take it. The boat was that way, and the only way. I knowed the Dutch Indies was the nearest place I could fetch up. 'Twould be a hard cruel voyage in a little boat, and there was Bella and Tommy to think of."

"For all that, I was set to go and layin' my plans. Then the American brig came and—There's no need to say any more."

We stared at Goodwin.

"Well, is it go?" he said.

"Bless ye, Dan! No need to ask!" said Tom heartily.

We discussed the prospects. Goodwin had both a compass and a quadrant; and beyond this, he had a little rough knowledge of the northern part of the New Holland coast, gained from an old seaman from his own village in England who had sailed with Captain Cook on the voyage when he discovered Botany Bay.

"Many a tale I heard from him," he said. "The most of what I recollect was about the voyage when they'd got inside the Great Reef, and the wonder of the lagoons all along the coast."

"If only we had a chart!" I said.

"There's a chart," said Goodwin, "only I ain't got it here. I knowed

"Look yonder!" Nellie called weakly, and the men began to stare out over the sea.

that Captain Cook's own chart would be in Governor Phillip's office, but how to get a copy? There was but one man could help me there—Mortimer Thynne—and he, bless him, copied the chart, and no one the wiser. But the devil of it's this—the copy's still at the house. We're obliged to go fetch it; no two ways about that."

We decided that we must run into Port Jackson under cover of darkness, and land in Rushmore's Bay or Woolloomooloo; then one of

us would make his way to Thynne's house. We had yet another reason for taking such a risk. We had in the boat but one small five-gallon cask for water. We would need another twice the size, and we hoped that, with Thynne's help, we might add something to our scant stock of provisions.

As we were discussing this, there came a rustling in the bushes behind us; the undergrowth parted and there stood Nellie Garth.

Please turn to page 14





I SHALL NOT BE AFRAID

By . . .

LUCIAN CARY

SIGRID put on slacks and a sweater and walked half a mile up the mountain that afternoon, as she had so many times before. She sat on a rock and looked down at the fjord. The summer fog was already streaking it here and there. And presently she saw the yacht—her father's yacht—running under power for her mooring. The Germans were not good sailors; not good enough to patrol the fjord in the fog. She wished she could show them how you handled the Trillebrok in a fog.

The Trillebrok was no racing yacht, but a cruiser after the fashion of a Norwegian pilot boat, and with all her ballast inside.

Sigrid watched the Germans pick up the mooring and then she prepared to leave. She wanted to get back to the house before Lieutenant Schultz came up from the fjord. He would not object to her taking a walk, of course. She was free to go about as she pleased, and if she did not it was only because she wanted him to think she never saw anyone in the village. She had been ever so careful never to do anything that might make the lieutenant suspicious since he had quartered himself in her house.

She was always polite to him and she made old Anna be polite to him, too.

He was not a bad man, only dull. She knew he was aware that she was young and pretty, but he treated her as if she were his social superior. He had never even mentioned her habit of wearing a knife on her belt with her sports clothes. The knife was small, like a Norwegian peasant's knife, except that hers had a silver ferrule and a silver medallion on the butt of its handle of birch root, and it hung lightly

behind her right hip. As Sigrid got up to go she saw a man emerge from behind the rocks nearby, and knew that he was coming towards her.

"You are Sigrid," he said, and she knew that he was neither a peasant nor a fisherman—a tall young man without a hat.

"Yes," she said.

"I am Nils," he said.

"I do not know you," she said, guessing from his speech that he must have come from Oslo.

"I come from the right people," he said. "You can trust me."

And, looking at him, she felt she could trust him. But she was not trusting anyone. "Trust you with what?" she asked.

"I have been sent here to take the Trillebrok away. Can you get word to Lars and Ole to come at once?"

"I do not know any Lars or any Ole," she said. She did, of course. The two fishermen had helped her father when he had brought the trucks from Oslo. The Germans would shoot her father, as well as Lars and Ole, if they found out what they had done.

He smiled for the first time and she liked him better than ever. But this was a thing not only of life and death. It was the only big responsibility she had ever had.

"I am trusting you," he said again.

"You know who I am?"

"They gave me photographs of you to study and remember, and they told me where to wait for you. But I do not believe in you because of what anyone said about you. I can see with my own eyes what kind of girl you are. Now I tell you I must get the Trillebrok out to-night when the fog sets in.

Have the Germans questioned you?"

"About what?"

"Then they haven't. That means they don't know your father had anything to do with it."

"Where is my father?"

"In London."

She did not try to conceal her relief.

"Your father will want to know how safe you are."

"Oh, perfectly safe," she said.

"You are sure?"

"Yes," she said. "I am so nice to the lieutenant that he tells me his troubles. He is so jealous of the Gestapo man he cannot keep it to himself. I know how to manage him."

"I am not as glad as I should be. If you weren't safe I should take you with me. As it is, I have no excuse."

FOR a moment she had the wild hope of going to a land where you could breathe again. But trying to get her aboard the Trillebrok would double the chance of being caught.

"That would be silly," she said.

"No, not silly. But wrong. I cannot have it that way. And now you will get my message to Lars and Ole?"

She hesitated, feeling he was a true Norwegian, but remembering how careful she must be.

"They have hidden the food and the gasoline three kilometres up the fjord," Nils said. He pointed in the right direction. "Now will you take my message to Lars and Ole?"

"Yes," she said.

"Good-bye then, Sigrid."

"Good-bye, Nils."

"I come from the right people," said the young man.
"You can trust me."

She went down the mountain as fast as she could, the fog now so thick that she could see the path for only three or four yards in front of her feet. She paused near the house to get her breath. There was no reason to be breathless. What she had to do was quite easy. It had been long planned. She was not frightened. But she was aware that her thought of going to a free country was not wholly honest. Her real thought had been of going with him.

She went to the kitchen door. Old Anna was cooking fattigmannsbakkels in a kettle. She looked up, a little anxious. "You are late," she said.

"Am I?" Sigrid said. "Is the lieutenant back?"

"No," Anna said. "Won't you have coffee?"

Sigrid sat down at the kitchen table and she was oppressed again by the silence of the big house. It had been full of laughter and young people every summer before the Germans came. She was glad to hear a knock on the door.

"Ah," Anna said, "that is the little Gerta."

She opened the door and a girl of eight or nine came in, in a patched dress and worn-out shoes.

Anna went to get some cookies. It was the bright spot in her day when Gerta stopped on her way to get the family cow in the high pasture.

"Sit here by me, Gerta," Sigrid said. "I have something to tell you."

She put her arm around the little girl, but as she lowered her voice to give the message for Lars and Ole she heard Lieutenant Schultz coming. He knocked on the door, as he always did, and waited for Anna to open it.

"Ah," he said, "the little Gerta!"

The lieutenant had coffee every afternoon, alone in the dining-room, at an oak table built to seat eighteen or twenty people.

"I will bring your coffee at once," Anna told him.

The lieutenant bowed to Sigrid. "Would it be too much to ask, Fraulein, that I have my coffee here in the kitchen?"

Sigrid was surprised that he should ask such a thing. But this was no moment to refuse. "Not at all," she said. "Please sit down." She turned to Anna. "Bring a cup for Lieutenant Schultz."

Sigrid saw Anna's face take on the stolid look which meant she was angry. But she obeyed.

"I wish I could tell you how I feel," Lieutenant Schultz said. "I know you dislike me. But I do not dislike you. I am homesick. And this kitchen with little Gerta, who might be my own dear daughter sitting here; and you, Fraulein, who might be my wife's young sister, and Anna—we have a word for all of this in German. Gemütlich. It means everything that is homelike and friendly and warm."

"I know the word," Sigrid said.

She thought to herself that the word described one of the two things that the lieutenant was sworn to destroy in Norway. The other was the freedom without which people who have once had it cannot truly live.

Gerta licked a crumb from her lips and stood up. "Tak for maten," she said, like a well-brought-up child who has eaten in the house of friends. "I must be going."

Sigrid had intended to tell Gerta just what she must do and she could not do that in front of the lieutenant. But if Gerta remembered it would not be necessary.

Sigrid picked up two cookies. "Here, Gerta, take these—one for little Lars and one for little Ole."

"Ah," the lieutenant said, smiling at Gerta, "you have brothers."

Gerta looked up at the lieutenant.

"Yes," she said.

"And why don't they get the cow instead of sending you, a girl?"

Sigrid held her breath for a fraction of a second, for fear the child had forgotten what she had been told.

"They are too little," Gerta said.

Lovely and defiant, the young Norwegian girl set herself to foil the plans of the Nazi conquerors.

Sigrid loved the bland expression on the child's face as she told this lie, so like that of her elders when they were questioned by the Germans.

The lieutenant bowed again to Sigrid when Gerta had gone. "I am sorry if I have intruded," he said.

Sigrid stood listening to his footsteps as he crossed the dining-room and went on. Then she shut the door, and Sigrid sat down again at the table. Lars and Ole would not be long in joining Nils. The three of them would scull a boat out to the Trillebrok. There would be only one German aboard her. In two or three minutes the Trillebrok would be running up the fjord to the place where Lars and Ole had hidden the food and the gasoline they had stolen from the Germans. In an hour she would be clear of the fjord.

Looking into the fog, and knowing now the wind was blowing out there, Sigrid could see the Trillebrok with her lee rail awash, and a tall young man in oilskins with little drops of water glistening on his blond head as he leaned against that oak beam of a tiller. The wind would soon be making a song in her rigging.

"Your dream must be pleasant," Anna said suddenly.

Sigrid came out of it instantly. She could hear the lieutenant coming towards the kitchen. Anna opened the door on his knock.

Fraulein, may I see you for a moment?" he said.

Sigrid saw that he was excited. Yes, of course," she said.

She followed him through the dining-room and down the wide hall with the elk horns over the stone fireplace and into the library, which he had taken for his office.

"Sit down, please," he said, and shut the door.

Sigrid took the chair at which he pointed. The lieutenant sat down behind his desk. "Fraulein," he said, "I meant it when I said that I liked you. I thought also that you were a person of good sense. Now I find that I am mistaken. But I still wish to save you. If you tell me everything quickly I believe that I can."

"But I have nothing to tell," Sigrid said, and knew that her face was taking on that stupid look of a Norwegian in danger.

"If you behave that way, I can do nothing. You will certainly go to the concentration camp. You may be shot."

"But how can I tell you what I do not know?"

The lieutenant shook his head. He was angry now. "It is no use," he shouted. "You were seen with him."

She tried to play for time, choosing her next words carefully.

"There has been some mistake," she said. "I took a walk up the mountain this afternoon as I often do. I like to watch the Trillebrok coming in to her mooring."

"Fraulein," the lieutenant interrupted, "it does not go. There has been no mistake. At noon I received orders to find this man at once, and bring him in. He is a dangerous enemy. I sent all my men out. And what happens when I come back here? I have not been here an hour when I have word that you met him within a kilometre of this house."

Sigrid tried to smile a sceptical smile.

"If you will not tell the truth like a sensible person there are ways of getting the truth out of you, and I am going to use them right now. Do you think I am going to let the Gestapo get him first and laugh at me?"

Sigrid waited. The fact that she said nothing seemed to enrage him.

"I will call in my orderly and tell him to take off your clothes and beat you with his belt until you tell me where that man is," he stormed. "If necessary I will help him."

Sigrid knew that he was not bluffing. She took a deep breath and clenched her hands. She would fight. If the lieutenant thought he could do it alone, he was mistaken. His orderly, a big, strong, rough peasant, was something else. But she could hold out long enough—until she was sure the Trillebrok was under sail in the open sea.

"You have one minute to decide," Lieutenant Schultz said.

"I have decided," Sigrid said. "I will tell you nothing."

The lieutenant looked at her. And then the moment's stillness was broken by the sound of voices outside.

Lieutenant Schultz jerked the door open. "What does this mean?" he demanded.

Sigrid recognised the voice of the orderly, and heard the last part of what he said. "This man says he comes from Oslo to see you, but he has nothing to show who he is."

Lieutenant Schultz took his automatic pistol out of its holster. "Search him."

Sigrid heard nothing for two minutes while the lieutenant stood in the doorway with his pistol half-raised, and then the orderly reported that the man had nothing—no weapon, no money, and no papers.

"Bring him in here," the lieutenant ordered.

Nils stepped into the room.

Sigrid sat rigid, fighting to show no sign that she had ever seen him before. Something had gone wrong with the plan. But why had he made it worse? They hadn't caught

him. He was here of his own accord. "Who are you?" Lieutenant Schultz asked.

"I prefer to tell you when your man is out of hearing," Nils said.

The lieutenant hesitated. Then he spoke to the orderly. "Take the girl into the dining-room. See that she doesn't get away."

"No," Nils said. "I shall need the girl, I think."

The lieutenant was plainly puzzled. But it was just as plain that he felt he had to act. He told the orderly to go out and shut the door. Then he laid his pistol on the desk and sat down behind it.

"Now," he said, "I will hear who you are."

Nils laughed. "I am the man you are looking for," he said.

Schultz stared at him.

Nils laughed again. "When I have finished talking to the girl you shall turn me over to the Gestapo."

"I have orders to arrest you," Schultz said. But he spoke with the manner of a man who had to cling tightly to one simple fact because events were moving too fast for him.

"I also have orders, lieutenant," Nils said.

"Show them to me."

Nils smiled patiently. "My orders are in my head. I am to find out what was done with a part of the Norwegian gold reserve which disappeared at the time of the occupation. About five tons of it. In pigs. Thirty million kroner. It is known to be hereabouts. I should know exactly where it is if you had left the girl for me to deal with. That was all arranged this afternoon. But when I came here to get her to show me where it is, I find you about to make it impossible for her to lead anybody anywhere!"

"You left me no course except to interfere. If I had not done so, I am afraid the Gestapo would not have been too well pleased, lieutenant—with either of us."

Lieutenant Schultz swallowed. "Thirty millions! And she knows where it is?"

"Look at her," Nils said.

There wasn't time for Sigrid to get the stupid look back into her face.

"Ah," the lieutenant said.

"She knows," Nils said. "That will be all we need to tell the Gestapo."

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join. It will be no more than walking through your own room in the dark."

"It will not be quite so easy," Sigrid said. She must not seem too anxious. "It is very thick, this fog."

"But you will find your way," Nils said. His voice was quiet. He did not need to say what would happen to her if she didn't find her way.

"Yes," she said. "I will find it."

She knew that she could find her way. Her way. To that rock where the water went straight down for fifty fathoms. If she could hit the rock, even at half-speed, she wouldn't have any trouble about dying. And neither would they. No one could live long in that water, only a few degrees warmer than ice.

Nils went out first and the big orderly followed him. Sigrid was next, with the lieutenant close behind her. They walked down the path to the shore and found a boat.

The soldier rowed while Sigrid, sitting beside the lieutenant in the stern, directed him. It was nearly half a kilometre out to the Trillebrok and Sigrid was fearful she might miss the yacht, but presently, when the lieutenant hailed the man on board, there was an answer, startlingly close, and in a moment they were alongside, and the lieutenant put his pistol into its holster to help her aboard.

She slid down into the deep cockpit. The lieutenant ordered the man who had been left aboard to start the motor and told his orderly to go forward and cast off.

"You, Fraulein," he said to Sigrid, "will be so kind as to take the tiller."

Sigrid stood beside the tiller, waist-high. The feel of the wood as she put her hand on it steadied her. Lieutenant Schultz leaned over, looking down the hatch at the man who was cranking the motor. Sigrid felt something touch her back lightly. She stiffened involuntarily. And then she knew what was happening. Nils was pulling the knife out of its sheath.

Sigrid turned quickly, but before she could snatch at the knife she remembered that she didn't need it any longer. She could kill this man without it. She was glad she was going to kill him.

The motor roared. At the sound, as if that was what he had been waiting for, Nils slashed hard down along the lieutenant's hip, cutting the strap that held the holster. The pistol fell on the deck. Nils caught the lieutenant's wrist in both hands and, turning and bending his back at the same time, threw him clear of the cockpit coming into the water.

He picked up the lieutenant's pistol and ordered the man at the motor up on deck and overboard. The man at the bow could not see the cockpit in the fog. It was only as he got half-way aft along the narrow deck between the rail and the cabin house that he saw Nils with the pistol. He jumped over-side.

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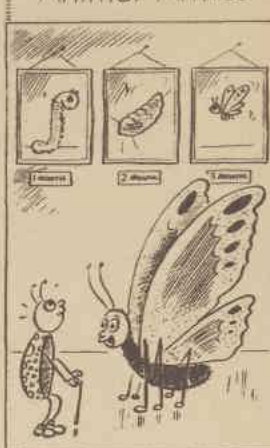
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Animal Antics



"That's little Alice when he was a baby!"

Nils threw in the clutch. "Give her the gas," he said.

Presently he cast off the line to the boat they were towing and then he stooped and picked up her knife.

He would have handed it to her, but she shook her head. She couldn't have put the knife back in its sheath. She hadn't the strength. He must have seen how she was trembling. He put his arm about her.

"It is not good to kill," he said. "They have not taught us to do it gladly."

"It isn't that," she said. "It is all the rest."

His arm was firm around her. "I know," he said. "You thought I was one of them. I hated to let you think so, but there was no other way. The little Gerta came to tell me that Lars and Ole had not come home from their fishing. I came to the house to find you, and when I stood under the window and heard what the lieutenant was saying to you I could not stay outside."

They were silent for a long time. Sigrid looked at the compass, listened to the echo of the motor, and changed the course a little.

"You are not afraid any more?" Nils said.

"No," Sigrid said.

"We sail for Iceland. It's a long way."

She turned her head towards him. "I shall not be afraid," she said.

It was a long time before either of them remembered to be glad about the gold, five tons of it, in pigs that had been painted with red lead, like the iron pigs on top of them, which was the ballast of the Trillebrok, burying her rail in the long grey seas of the open ocean.

(Copyright)

Hands that stir the heart



Many a man's heart has skipped a beat at the touch of smooth, white hands. Make your hands as lovely as you've always wanted them—and do it while you're asleep! Pond's Hand Lotion is so silky-smooth—never the least bit greasy—that you can leave it on your hands all night. Before you go to bed, just sprinkle a few drops onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Soon your hands will become softer, whiter, irresistible. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

AUSTERITY MESSAGES

From the wives . . .

. . . of AUSTRALIA'S LEADERS

"Every Australian Mother has a duty—an inescapable duty—it is to Save to buy PROTECTION for her children. Another penny a day squeezed from her House-keeping by every Australian Mother will mean another £8000 a day to the War Effort.

Every other woman in the Commonwealth must help too."

—Says Mrs. Curtin.



Enjoy THE NATURAL GOODNESS OF SUNRIPENED Wheat!

Mrs. WYNIFRED WISEMAN,
whose cooking hints
and suggestions are heard over
more than 45 radio stations
throughout Australia
each week.



WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits are naturally rich in (1) Bran, the natural wheat husk that has proved of such value for constipation. Wise mothers, however, follow the advice of Mrs. Wiseman, well-known radio cooking expert, and add a generous sprinkling of SAN-BRAN to the morning cereal. WEET-BIX are also rich in (2) Carbohydrates, for the extra energy it gives; (3) Proteins, for growth; and (4) Mineral Salts, for rich red blood. WEET-BIX are also a valuable source of the vitamin B₁ that aids digestion, promotes good appetite, and assists the nervous system.

THERE are many foods that you can serve on your table—but for sheer out-and-out nourishment there is nothing to equal a genuine whole wheat cereal with milk, cream or stewed fruit. WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits, for example, are made from nothing but the finest sun-ripened Australian wheat and each crisply toasted flake is a whole wheat grain—rich in those food elements that make whole wheat one of man's finest foods. Even the bran content of whole wheat is retained in WEET-BIX—and bran is both a natural laxative and prolific source of the mineral salts needed for the development of rich red blood.

WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits are

also flavoured with energy-giving malt and pure natural sugars, not only for the added deliciousness those ingredients bring to the natural "wheaty" flavour of WEET-BIX, but for the extra food value they give to the popular morning cereal. All ready to serve, WEET-BIX take no time to prepare and can be enjoyed in many ways. Try them split and buttered and spread with honey or jam when you feel like a "change".

Or if you prefer your wheat flakes loose, serve BIXIES. GRANOSE Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits are identical with WEET-BIX in quality, but are flavoured only with salt for those who like a savoury morning cereal. All are obtainable from your usual grocer.



Princess Elizabeth ready for splendid destiny



FUTURE QUEEN. Princess Elizabeth, with her mother, who is helping to prepare her for the great responsibilities of the years ahead.



The Queen is her tutor in poise and charm

COLONEL-IN-CHIEF. The Princess shakes hands with an officer of the Grenadier Guards, the regiment she "commands."

Important new duties, deeper study, after she comes out in April

By Beam Wireless from ANN MATHESON, our special representative in England

Princess Elizabeth, heiress-apparent to the British throne, wants to work in a munitions factory after her seventeenth birthday on April 21.

This suggestion finds no favor with her parents or teachers, who regard her studies as all-important. They never forget that the Princess must be ready at any time to ascend the throne.

THE coming year will be a rigorous one for the Princess, and the most formative of her life.

Normally, her seventeenth birthday would have been Elizabeth's official coming out, for Royalty comes of age at 18.

It ought to be a big occasion with parties, dances, and receptions. As it is nothing of the kind is to happen. The King and Queen do not think it right to celebrate the birthday in such a way, though the occasion cannot be passed over entirely without notice.

I understand one or two very important announcements will be made on her birthday.

The past year has been one of the most important in the life of the young Princess.

She has turned her back on the happy days of childhood and is facing up to a new world in which she will have to shoulder the many responsibilities her position brings.

She has developed from school-girl to debutante with a complete sense of these responsibilities.

Now the time is rapidly drawing near when Elizabeth is to take her place in public life. Though she appears to have been kept in the background up to now, in reality she's been far too busy with studies to undertake many public duties.

Schooling occupies far more of her time than of an ordinary girl's. It covers a wide range of subjects as well as an intensive special training in such things as Court etiquette and deportment.

War-time conditions create a problem about Elizabeth's immediate future. She has already registered with other girls of her age, and is anxious to play her part in the war effort. That is why she suggested entering munitions work.

More duties, however, will be given to the Princess this year, and those who watch her carefully will advise the King when the final decision is made as to what course her public activities will take.

She's already offered her services as a sea ranger, for her Girl Guide days are drawing to a close.

The fact that new coaches on the Royal train have compartments specially designed for the Princess indicates she will accompany the King and Queen on some tours during the year.

Meanwhile, she studies very hard and Dr. C. H. Marten, Vice-Provost of Eton, is one of her tutors.

A soft-voiced Scotswoman, Marion Crawford, graduate of Edinburgh University, is her governess. Colonel Dermot Kavanagh, Crown equerry and great personal friend of the King, is her riding master, while Mrs. Knight, who was the Queen's nurse, still looks after the two Princesses.

These four people, with her parents and Queen Mary (to whom the Princess writes every day), have a tremendous influence on the life of the heiress-apparent to the British throne.

Princess blushed

CONSTITUTIONAL history, the theory of the Empire's constitutions, and the history of the American Commonwealth are some of her special subjects, but every lesson is linked with current events.

Deportment and etiquette, music, elocution, and dancing lessons will be intensified in the coming year.

Princess Elizabeth is by nature endowed with an easy manner and a gracious friendliness. Now she must acquire a sure knowledge of how to behave in any circumstances.

Those who surround her are continually helping, advising, and correcting her, and a story which is characteristic of the way in which she is being groomed to handle any situation concerns a young, inexperienced Guards officer.

He was marching a detachment through Windsor Great Park when the Princesses came by on horse.

The officer was ignorant of the rule that in the park members of the Royal family are not recognised, and called his men to attention and saluted.

The Princess bowed and blushed. Afterwards, telling her mother, she mentioned the blush.



FIRST BROADCAST. Elizabeth's first experience of the microphone was a broadcast to the Empire on October 15, 1940.

"You must learn not to do that," said the Queen. "Princesses must always keep calm."

Full knowledge of Court etiquette is very difficult to acquire. Only the constant help of the Queen, the governess, and many attendants makes it possible for the Princess to gain this knowledge with which she must be armed when she takes her place in public affairs.

She must learn to be mistress of every situation, for in the years to come she will meet and mix with the world's leading figures at State banquets, balls, and public engagements, as well as people in every walk of life among the King's subjects.

It is part of her duty not only to remain at ease herself, but to put everyone else at ease, and the Princess is fortunate in having for her mother Queen Elizabeth. There could be no finer tutor than the Queen of England, whose charm and grace have endeared her to everyone who has seen and known her.

While riding is the Princess's favorite exercise, and she is an excellent horsewoman, her favorite relaxation is tap-dancing.

Arthur Askey, the noted stage personality, has given her many lessons, and says she's definitely good.

Every month there is a small dance for the Princess, at which she meets young officers of the Guards, and it is at these semi-formal functions the Princess's social graces develop.

One thing is absolutely certain. The Princess will have an Empire tour after the war.

The King, knowing the advantages he derived from his associations and contacts made in his own tours, and from having first-hand knowledge of the Dominions, is determined his daughter shall have similar opportunities.

When Princess Elizabeth comes of age, she will have her own ladies-in-waiting, her own household, tradesmen, accounts, and income.



REGISTERING FOR NATIONAL SERVICE. With 200,000 other British girls of 16, Princess Elizabeth registered last year.

She'll receive £15,000 a year from her civil list grant, and will inherit some thousands of pounds left her by King George V, which is being kept in trust.

The amount is unknown, for Royal wills are never published.

This will be her private income. Her civil list grant is paid from the revenues of the rich Duchy of Cornwall.

Last year her pocket-money was increased from five to fifteen shillings weekly.

Part of this she puts into National Savings Certificates, and the Post Office Savings Bank, where her balance was under fifty pounds at the beginning of this year.

Call her Betts

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S ladies-in-waiting will be chosen from her friends, most of whom are daughters of Court officials.

Eighteen-year-old Diana Legh, daughter of Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household; 20-year-old Winifred and 18-year-old Elizabeth Rosemary, daughters of Sir Alexander Hardinge, Private Secretary to the King, are among her closest friends.

They call her Betts, not Betty.

Carriers in the Royal service still run in families, so the majority of the Princess's staff will be drawn from Windsor, where dozens of families have served Britain's Sovereigns for generations.

Boys who will take up posts as footmen, chauffeurs, gardeners, and

girls who will become Royal needlewomen, parlormaid, and cooks, are nearly all at the Royal School in Windsor Great Park, where special subjects are taught to fit them for duty in the Princess's service.

Whether the Princess will have her own establishment at 18 is not yet decided.

Meanwhile, she has a suite of rooms, bedroom, sitting-room, and bathroom, which she shares with her sister Margaret.

The decorations are blue, chosen by the Princess, but supervised by the Queen, who still chooses and supervises her wardrobe.

Elizabeth's dress sense is developing on extremely neat tailored lines. She wears well-cut, pin-striped blouses under light tweed costumes, and, like most English girls, has a distinct flare for wearing tailor-made and uniforms.

Within the limits of clothes-couponing, Princess Elizabeth's wardrobe will this year undergo many changes, as simpler styles give way to more sophisticated dressing befitting a girl who, because of her Royal birth, reaches her majority three years earlier than others.

She has no jewellery apart from the diamond badge of her regiment, the Grenadier Guards, but I hear the Queen intends to give her a necklace and two diamond brooches from the collection of jewels left to the Queen by Mrs. Ronald Greville recently.

They are composed of magnificent stones, now being reset in modern design.

Editorial

FEBRUARY 20, 1943.

OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES

THE Russians sweep on. Every day brings news of further gains as the Red Army inexorably rolls back the Fascist invaders of the Soviet Union.

And every day deepens the admiration of the free world for this great people who have suffered so deeply and fought so grimly for the way of life they believe in.

The world marvels at the fight Russia is putting up.

Names like Odessa, Sebastopol, Stalingrad, once mere places on a map, have become deathless symbols of Russian heroism.

Leningrad and Moscow, like London, are no longer seen simply as great cities.

They are citadels of freedom where populations have proved that when things held dear are threatened, the human spirit can rise above destruction and death.

We British are proud to have such people as Allies.

The Russians fight as they do because they have a passionate faith in their cause.

Each man and woman in the country is ready to serve wherever directed. Many have worked in factories until the last moment and then have put down their hammers to take up rifles.

History has been enriched with countless stories of courage.

We look to the day when a mighty force will sail out from England to attack the common enemy.

And when the Russians and the British have shared in the defeat of that enemy, they must share in the building of a better world.

—THE EDITOR.

Soldiers sew for piccaninny

SOLDIER patients formed a sewing circle to make clothes for a piccaninny born at their hospital in the Northern Territory.

Staff-Sgt. R. A. Higgins, a patient in the hospital, tells the story in a letter to his wife in Gympie, N.S.W.:

"WE get a surprise here every day, and to-day's seems to be the biggest yet," he writes.

"Strange as it seems a maternity case has been brought into this hospital!"

"An aboriginal girl has had a baby here."

"One of the silly goats here asked the head sister when the new arrival was expected and she told him these things did not happen to a timetable, and of course that raised quite a laugh."

"This baby can pride itself on being the youngest recruit to the Army on record."

"The Yanks have played their part in welcoming the young recruit, as the first singlet was their donation, and we named the baby after the American wardman, Dave."

"Dave bet his sergeant 2/- that the baby would be a girl, but he lost his bet."

"We all insist Dave must be the godfather."

"This morning Dave heard the sister talking about making a few clothes for the baby, so he brought in one of his own singlets."

"Sister took up a pair of scissors and in ten minutes she had cut out four singlets for the baby."

"Then the fun started. The singlets had to be hemmed practically right around, plus armholes, shoulders, neck, etc. This took three of the chaps all the afternoon."

"In the meantime I had been given the contract of making a crib for the baby. I had that finished in about an hour, quite a fair effort, even though I say it myself. Of course, it was pretty rough, only a wooden box with two pieces of very heavy wire to form an arch to carry a mosquito net."

"Sister tells me a dress has to be made now, and blow me down if another singlet has not arrived to be carved up."

"A sewing machine would be very handy, as this hand-sewing is too tiring."

Cpl. M. A. Glanville, with the R.A.A.F. in the Middle East, to his wife in Rosslyn St., Inverell, N.S.W.:

"JERRY was over and giving us merry hell, when all of a sudden we could hear a cornet playing."

"When we could pick the tune out from the bombs, machine-gun fire, and ack-ack, it was 'Home, Sweet Home,' and on to 'There's No Place Like Home.'"

"You have no idea the moral effect that it had on everybody."

Sapper T. Lynch in the Middle East to Mrs. S. Reading, Hill St., West Hobart, Tas.:

"WE opened and examined some parcels that had been sent to the German troops for Christmas."

"Things must be pretty crook in Germany as some of the parcels contained only four lumps of sugar. Another contained only a black pudding, another a little cake."

"In fact, they were so poor that I didn't bother opening them all."



SOLDIERS' SEWING CIRCLE making clothes for a piccaninny born at their hospital. The three-day-old baby is hidden under the mosquito-net over its crib.

Pte. Gordon Hobson to his sister Ailsa, at Rythdale, via Pakenham West, Vic.:

"You never sent my Women's Weekly, so I don't know how the serial is going. Mack is sorry about it, too, as he wanted this week's knitting hints."

Lac. L. J. Pay, in Port Moresby, to his mother, Mrs. E. F. Pay, in Willin St., Elsternwick, Vic.:

"JUST imagine a theatre under a jet black sky, a fair dinkum stage, artists in dress suits, red jackets, floodlights, orchestra, and to top it off a fairly stiff breeze and lightning flashes the whole time."

"Every time the lightning flashed all the trees and landscape would be lit up as bright as day."

"A lad done up as a negro sang 'The Glory Road' with the orchestra playing in the background."

"Gee, honestly, it was beautiful. What gave it such color was that the whole time there was thunder pealing and the lightning overhead."

"The orchestra played one very nice piece, 'Poet and Peasant,' and as before nature provided the background of thunder and lightning."

Corp. Elliot in New Guinea to his sister, Miss V. Elliot, 5 Piper St., Annandale, N.S.W.:

"EVERY meal-time someone asks for a can-opener, and the boys drive us silly with this rhyme:

"Here I have a can-opener."

"This can-opener can open any can that can be opened by a can-opener."

"If this can-opener cannot open any can that can be opened by a can-opener."

"I'll give you a can-opener that can open any can that can be opened by a can-opener."

Engineer-Officer Kerr to his wife in Oyama Ave., Manly, N.S.W.:

"FOR three days this piece of man-made engineering has battled her way through all the forces that nature can let loose."

"How you would thrill to stand on the bridge and watch how she can be thrown about by waves and wind."

"The mammoth wave appears and the foredeck lifts; she gets to the top, trembles, and then goes crashing down into the next one. As she hits, a spray envelops the whole ship, a sheer mountain of foam sears into the air, and so we go on, forcing this 200,000 horse-power man-made monster crashing to victory."

"We care little for the forces of nature, and less for the men who would send us to Davy Jones' locker if they could."

"So we sons of Britain travel ever onward to the day of reckoning, when once more this ship can travel at a cruising speed, with lights ablaze, and dance bands playing."

"The only thing this piece of Britain will be minus will be me, who will be home with my wife."

Pte. Terry Blake, in the Middle East, to his mother, Mrs. M. Blake, 37 Percy St., W. Brunswick, Vic.:

"I SAW a wonderful example of courage a few days ago. Our padre was saying a Requiem Mass for the boys, when a dogfight started overhead."

"Everybody dived for cover except the padre, who continued to say Mass beside his jeep."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 5s. is paid.

Interesting People



SIR HUGHE KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN

... Full hunting kit

BRITISH Ambassador to Turkey since 1939, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen was present with Mr. Churchill at his meeting with Turkey's President Inonu, which resulted in Anglo-American-Turkish defence pact. Conference was disguised as shooting trip, the Hugessen party carrying full hunting kit on the journey.



MISS K. M. GORDON

... National fitness

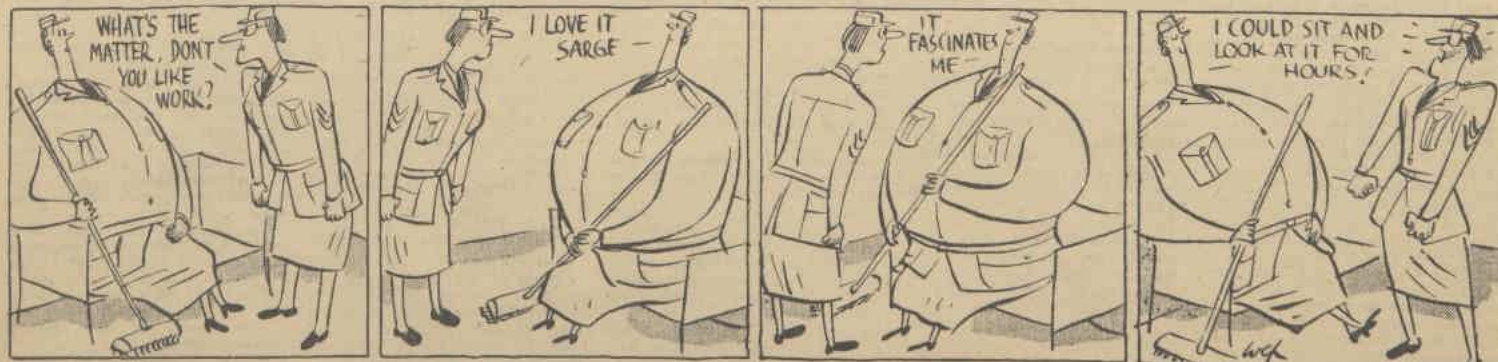
TO direct physical education of women throughout Australia and co-ordinate work of State National Fitness Councils, Miss Kathleen Gordon, of West Australia, has been appointed Commonwealth National Fitness Officer.

Was formerly superintendent physical education, West Australian Education Department.



DR. H. C. COOMBS

... New honoree for economist
IMPORTANT new job for 37-year-old economist Dr. H. C. Coombs, who, as Director of Rationing, planned Australia's coupon scheme. Has been appointed to newly-constituted post of Director of Post-War Reconstruction. Dr. Coombs was last year appointed to Commonwealth Bank Board.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

MANY prominent people belong to the sign Aquarius—those with birthdays between January 20 and February 19. Two of the greatest of present times are President Roosevelt and General MacArthur.

This week benefits Aquarians, Librans, and Geminians at first, but ends by favoring Scorpions, Cancerians, Pisceans, and many Taurians and Capricornians. Watch your stars carefully; avoid mistakes.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): February 18 can be moderately helpful to you, but beware rashness, haste, overwork. February 17 and February 20 can be difficult.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): The week starts poorly. February 16, 18, and 20 will need caution, but February 21, February 22, and perhaps February 23 can bring modest benefits.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A contrary week, so plan wisely. February 19 and February 17 (early) fair, but avoid rashness. Finalize outstanding matters this. February 18 is even better, but beware loss, misjudgments, and opposition. February 19 just fair. February 20 can be distinctly difficult. February 21 and February 22 poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Opportunities, changes, and gains possible now, so plan well and utilize good days wisely. February 16 (except around dusk), very fair. February 17 and February 18 helpful. February 20 difficult. February 21 and February 22 can be excellent. Work hard.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): A tricky week, so be cautious until late on February 20. Thereafter things improve slightly, but stick to routine matters.

VIRGO (August 25 to September 23): Beware contradictions, over-zealousness and instability of your affairs. Losses, partings, disappointments, and worries can prove costly for the first few weeks. February 19 can be quite adverse if you are unwise. February 21 and February 22 (early) work best.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): February 18 can be very helpful, especially if you guard against loss, losses, criticism, misjudgments or discord. Utilize fully along constructive lines. Early February 19 and February 20 fair.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 21): A contrary week. February 16 and February 17 may be poor. Avoid aggressive action. February 18 can bring opposition or loss. February 19 poor. February 20 adverse. However, February 21, 22 and 23 can be exceptionally helpful and fortunate. Therefore seek promotion, favors, and desired changes.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): A mixed week, so observe care. February 18 fair except for opposition, conduct with superiors, and misjudgments. February 19 just fair. Thereafter be cautious, especially on February 20.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): February 18 poor, but February 19 and February 22 can be quite helpful along unopposed lines.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): February 16 can be moderately helpful, but avoid rashness near dusk. Same thing applies to February 17 (to dusk). After that be cautious till February 20 (late). February 21, February 22, and February 23 fair.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): A week of opportunities and promise, so plan well and work hard. February 16 and February 17 can prove quite helpful. February 20 poor. February 21 and February 22 tricky. February 23 fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Film Guide

★ **Vanishing Virginian**. (Week's Best Release). This human and heart-warming story of American small-town life, and of a family rich in tradition, is a triumph for Frank Morgan, as the lawyer head of a large family. Spring Byington and Kathryn Grayson help enormously.—Victory; showing.

★ **Shut My Big Mouth**. There's enough slapstick in this Joe E. Brown farce—which tells how a meek little man cleans up a Western outlaw gang—to bring plenty of comfortable guffaws.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ **Flying With Music**. Another of Hal Roach's streamlined features, with some Latin tunes, some Latin dances, and blonde Marjorie Woodworth as the Caribbean-cruising heiress, who falls in love with singing pilot, William Marshall.—Civic; showing.

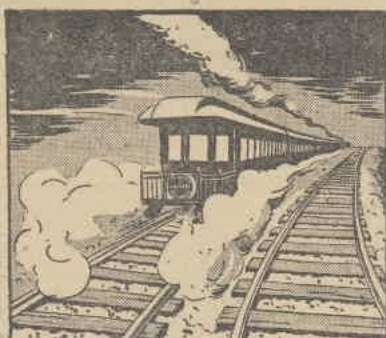
★ **Junior Army**. Freddie Bartholomew makes his last appearance before joining the U.S. Army Air Corps in an adolescent melodrama that shows Freddie's indifference to acting.—Victory; showing.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have escaped from enemy headquarters on an island along with **DR. GRIFF:** Inventor of a machine to destroy planes in the air by electric energy. Closely pursued, they are in danger of being caught when Mandrake dresses up a scare-

crow to resemble Dr. Griff, and places it on a railway line. Then, by means of his ventriloquist powers, he makes the dummy call out that his foot is caught in the rails, just as a train bears down, and the spies see what they think to be Dr. Griff cut to pieces under the wheels. **NOW READ ON:**



HOW ABOUT THE OTHER TWO?

GRIFF WAS THE MAIN ONE. NEVER MIND THEM. I'M THINKING WE'D BETTER GET TO THE SHIP IN A HURRY!

THEY THINK YOU'RE DEAD, GRIFF! THEY'LL STOP HUNTING YOU NOW! IT'S OUR TURN TO HUNT THEM. WE'RE GOING TO NAB THE WHOLE GANG, SHIP AND ALL!

WE'LL GO TO THE COAST GUARD BASE AT ONCE!



PUTTING THE MOTOR HANDCAR BACK ON THE TRACKS, MANDRAKE SPEEDS ON--

A FOREIGN FREIGHTER --TRIED TO KIDNAP DR. GRIFF? WHERE IS IT?

I CAN GUIDE THE PILOT! WE'D BETTER LEAVE AT ONCE!



AT THE COAST GUARD BASE, MANDRAKE TELLS THE STORY--

I HOPE, AT LAST, THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO GET BACK TO MY WORK.



YOU WILL, DR. GRIFF! FIRST, WE MUST CATCH THAT FREIGHTER! IF ONLY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

-- AND THE TRAIN KILLED GRIFF. WE SAW IT HAPPEN.



ON THE FREIGHTER, THE GUNMEN REPORT TO THEIR CHIEF.

MANDRAKE IS ON A TRIM GOVERNMENT CUTTER, SEARCHING FOR THE FOREIGN FREIGHTER--



YES, CAPTAIN. THEY HAVE GUNS MOUNTED ON DECK. IF THEY SEE US COMING TOO SOON--THERE'LL BE BLOODSHED--



MY MARINES AREN'T AFRAID OF A FIGHT.



IT'S A ROWBOAT, CHIEF--

AND IT LOOKS LIKE --IT'S MANDRAKE! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO WE ARE!



IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'LL BE IN A BAD SPOT.



AND MANDRAKE APPROACHES THE ENEMY FREIGHTER, ALONE--

HELLO THERE. WHAT SHIP ARE YOU? WHERE AM I? I'M LOST IN THE FOG!



MIND LOWERING A ROPE LADDER, SO I CAN COME ABOARD? I'VE BEEN ROWING FOR HOURS--I'M WORN OUT--



WELL--THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!



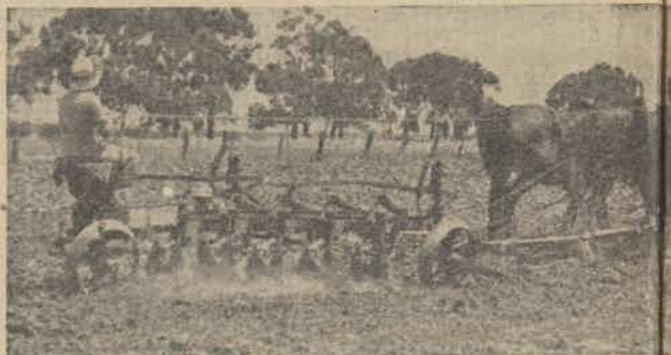
YOU, I'VE COME RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

TO BE CONTINUED

How Land Army Girls are trained at Werribee



WOMEN'S LAND ARMY MEMBERS at their Training School at Werribee Research Farm, Victoria, with Orphy, a pet lamb, and Dick, the cat. The matron, Miss Dorothy Stringer (with glasses), is at back.



RUTH IRVINE, of the Women's Land Army, driving a five-horse team in a field. The girls learn to use many types of farming.

New view of life for city girls in the Fourth Service

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

Down at Werribee Research Farm in Victoria, city girls are learning to be "country blokes."

They're trainees of the Women's Land Army and working with them are more experienced members of the same service who have replaced men on the staff of the farm.

As they learn to milk and to plough, these girls are also learning to appreciate the rural point of view. They're

understanding the trials and disappointments of life on the land and they're also feeling its quiet but satisfying compensations.

The Training School at Werribee

was established recently when a special building was made available to the W.L.A., which the girls call the Fourth Service.

Miss Dorothy Stringer was appointed matron, and went down to prepare for the first batch of trainees who will go out to country jobs when they've finished the course.

She found a modern red brick block, with single bedrooms sufficient to accommodate the regular Land Army girls already on the farm's staff, and the trainees, too. Miss Stringer's previous experience includes two years spent on her brother's farm in the country, and later she was Director of the Marie Kirk Kindergarten in Melbourne.

The training was in full swing when I visited Werribee. Miss Stringer met me at the station and invited me to "Come and meet our Dancer. I don't know how we would get along without him."

I found myself "meeting" a fat, benign horse harnessed to a spring-cart.

He was lent to the Land Army Girls to collect supplies and aid farm transport generally.

So mild is his temper that he's never been known even to switch his tail impatiently when the trainees are being taught to harness a horse with him as the victim.

We arrived at the farm just before luncheon. I found that in less than a week the girls had prepared a large patch of ground near the house for a vegetable garden, and here trainee Janet Sinclair was wielding a spade with vigor.

"How does it look?" she asked, proudly as she peered up at us from under a shady hat and a fly-veil.

While they are working, the girls wear an overall suit of khaki drab, with the W.L.A. badge on the pocket.

Their dress uniform is a one-piece frock of khaki drab, neatly tailored, with badge on pocket.

Busy fortnight

At present the training course is a fortnight, but it may be longer.

"The men instructors at Werribee have been wonderfully helpful to us," said Miss Stringer.

"While the girls are here, we try to teach them an appreciation of the rural outlook as well as the work."

"We also help them to harden up their muscles for outdoor work, and teach them something of the use of gardening tools."

"Lately the girls have been helping in the dairy, and are being taught mechanical milking, as well as hand milking, and separating."

"They may be included as students in the poultry section, and there will always be a group working in the vegetable garden."

The entire housework, cooking, and washing is done by the girls themselves, who work on a roster system.

The bell for lunch called us into the dining-room, where the trainees were joined by the regulars (known on the farm as the R.L.G.s). These are the girls who have replaced men on the staff.



IT'S THIRSTY WORK, so Marg Farris tilts the canvas waterbag for Gwen Ballard.

Round the two long tables were healthy, sun-tanned faces, whose owners had equally healthy appetites for the salad, home-made scones, honey, and fresh fruit.

After lunch I went with R.L.G. Joy Meredith to see her room.

Pinned on the walls were specimens of wheat and oats on which Joy has been doing research work.

Elton-cropped, fair, and very slight, she joined the Land Army last October.

Now she is on the staff at the farm and does various jobs from taking the meteorological readings daily with her friend, Margaret Meller, to digging beet for seed, or irrigating land for green peas and onions.

Trainees Sheila Cronin, Jenny Sinclair, Kathleen Perdon, and Dorothy Thirkell with Miss Stringer, Miss Henderson and I climbed into the spring-cart, and went to a distant paddock.

Staff-member Ruth Irving was busy driving a team of five horses and the cultivator.

The huge horses stood obediently quiet, while their tiny driver adjusted the harness, and then disappeared in a cloud of dust.

We went back across the farm to the beet and onion crops, then to the dairy, and finally had afternoon tea with the girls.

Few had had any previous experience on the land before joining up.

While they are trainees they receive £1 a week and their keep, and when they go out on jobs their pay is £2 a week and keep.

They are given leave during the week-end while on training, and when they are sent to jobs, inspection is made by officials of the farms to which the girls are posted.



BICYCLING TO THE JOB. Gwen Ballard, Merle Ballard.



MARGARET CRESWICK, of the Land Army, Werribee, inspects onion plants being grown by regular Land Army girls.

WHACKO!

Did you hear
my New Show
last Saturday.

(Signed) GINGER.

Girls! if you could have seen me in my new Uniform, now I've enlisted as Official Mascot of the Air Training Corps. I'd slay you, Truly I would, Girls! Be sure you're listening in next Saturday when Me and Mal, me old pal, Reg Johnston, Hilda Farmilo, Albert Miller, Mannie Fisher's Sextet and your guest star, Kitty Bluett, will entertain you.

WE'LL BE WITH YOU ON

2GB every Sat. 7.30 p.m.

The whole world loves

a Lovely Melody!

Here are Melodies you'll Love

"THE PERFECT SONG"

2GB

Every Wed. and Sat. 9 p.m.

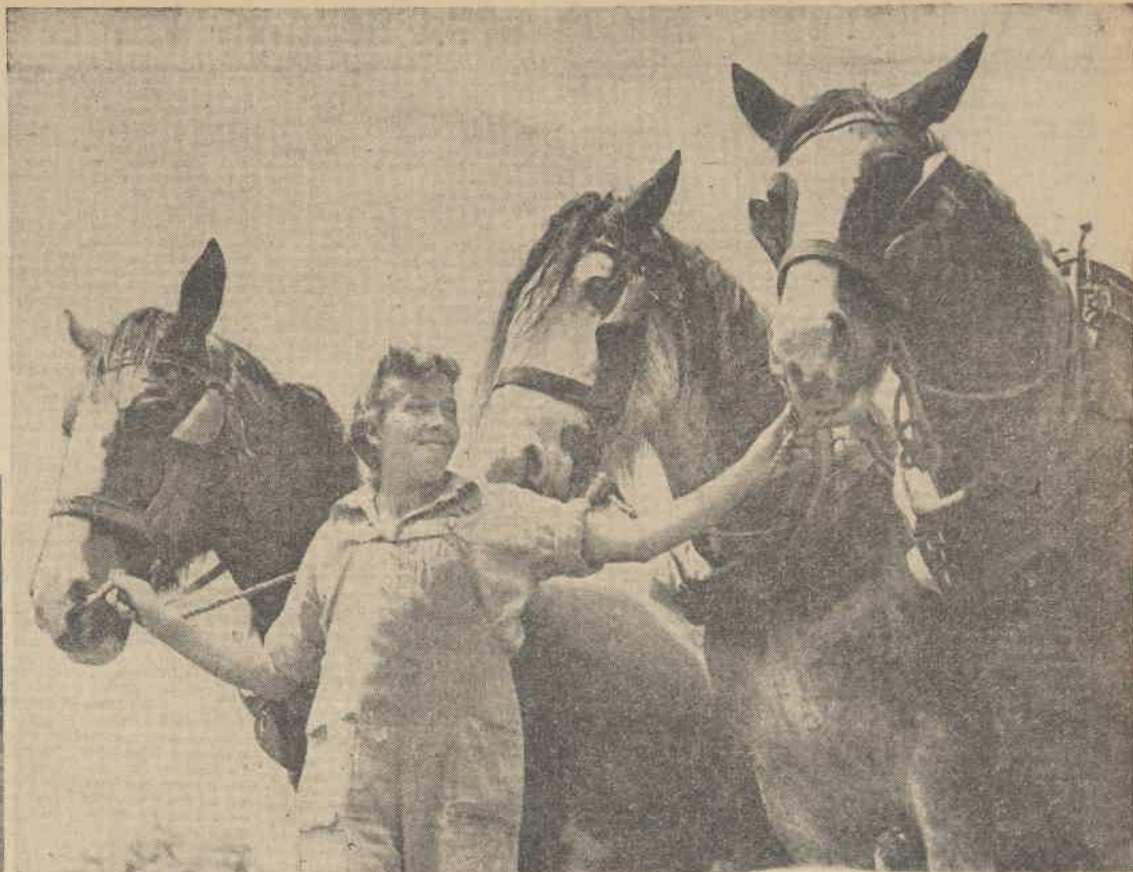
ibee Farm



...cultivator during training at Werribee.
...machinery.



JOB (L to r.): Joy Meredith, Margaret Creswick,
... They're going back after the lunch break
to dig more beet.



LITTLE JENNY SINCLAIR leads three large draught horses from
their rest paddock to be harnessed to a cultivator. Trainees quickly
learn to manage the farm horses.



MOUNTING HAYSTACK is trainee Dorothy Thirkell. The training course at
present takes a fortnight, but may be extended. Girls earn £1 a week while they
are in training, £2 a week when they are sent out to jobs.



DANCER is the somewhat inappropriate name given this plump old
horse who pulls the spring cart for Land Army girls.



MACHINE-MILKING INSTRUCTION being put into practice by trainee
Kathleen Perdon. Trainees are also taught hand milking and separating.

Continuing... Botany Bay

from page 5

WITH a whoop of joy, Tom sprang forward and threw his arms around her. "Nellie, Nellie, Nellie!" he cried brokenly. "Is it yourself and all?"

"Is not," said Garth. "I'm a good four stone light, but I can eat the weight of it back, if ye've vittles."

She was gaunt and sunburned, her clothing in rags, and her eyes bright and hollow, but with the same old dauntless sight in them. Five minutes later we had her at the camp, and Bella was clinging to her, so overcome that not a word could she say.

It was scarcely necessary to explain to Garth our presence here. She had seen the brig coming out from Port Jackson, and when she spied Dan's boat coming in from sea, she had guessed the reason.

She was only too glad to be in with us, and when night fell we set off to put the first part of our plan into operation.

The night was so dark I could see nothing but the black water rippling under the chill breeze, but Dan steered confidently. It was not far from midnight when we eased our grapple into shallow water at the head of Woolloomooloo Bay.

"Tom, stop here with the women-folk," said Goodwin. "Hugh and I will go to the settlement."

We waded ashore and there halted for a moment.

"Hugh," said Goodwin, "Ned Inching's our man. We'll go by the burying ground and send him to Thynne."

The distance from Woolloomooloo to Sydney was less than a mile. Inching's hut was dark, but we stole in, and felt for his bed and awakened him.

"Sh-h-h, Ned, it's me—Tallant." A more ready, nimble-witted man than Ned Inching could not have been found. He fumbled for me, then put his lips to my ear. "What's to do?" he whispered.

In two minutes I had explained the situation. He slipped into his clothes. "Wait here," he said. "I'll be back in a tick."

Dan and I sat on the bed. The first we knew of his return, he was there before us, unseen in the darkness.

"Thynne's wif me, and Nick Sabb," he whispered.

"Lad!" said Nick, in a hoarse whisper. "Ye've the courage of lions, and me sergeant of patrol

that ought to hook ye and be made high constable for life! Dan, it's true, what Ned says?"

"Aye, we're off, and no time to lose. . . Thynne, are ye there? Ye've brought the chaff?"

"I have," said Thynne, "and a bit of beef and flour that may perhaps be acceptable. Four days' rations." What this gift meant, only a Sydney convict of those days could understand.

"THANK ye, and hearty," said Goodwin. "There's another thing we're obliged to have—a ten-gallon kag, for water."

"Take mine," said Inching. "Ye can fill it from the little run at Woolloomooloo."

"There's need for haste," said Nick. "What ye take Ned and me? All ye need to say is yes or no."

"Ye wish to go? D'ye know where we're bound to, man?"

"Aye, the Dutch Indies, wherever they be, but speak quick, Dan! If I think twice, I'll make lard o' my vittles."

"Done," said Goodwin. "Thynne, would ye wish to join us?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Thynne. "Nick, think what you do! Stay here, and I promise we'll be the most prosperous and respected citizens in the colony ten years hence."

"Don't ask me to think!" said Sabb desperately. "Haste ye, Dan, and Ned and me will whisper, 'London! London!' till we're well out to sea."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, February 17.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve, Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 18.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments."

FRIDAY, February 19.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Yacht.

SATURDAY, February 20.—Goodie Reeve in "Melody Complements."

SUNDAY, February 21.—"Reaming the Wide Range."

MONDAY, February 22.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, February 23.—"Musical Alphabet." Also ballet music.

A Piece of Cheese

Continued from page 3

We chatted a while when I'd finished my work, but the confidences I'd expected still didn't come, so I concluded he'd changed his mind, and decided to keep off personal matters. I was not sorry. I didn't seem to be in the right mood to talk sweetly about other people's love affairs. Not David's, anyway. I had to admit to myself.

He suddenly said, "That chap seems all right, Jack, I mean. Have you known him long?"

"Since we were both about eight." "Oh, you're pretty good friends, then."

It occurred to me he might be trying to find out if there were any romantic attachment between Jack and me, so I decided not to tell him, but just let him think anything he cared to.

"Yes, I suppose you might call us that," I said with a smile which I hoped might imply a great deal more than friendship.

He changed the conversation, and started criticising my air-raised precautions, stating that he could effect some improvements.

At this juncture a terrific din was heard. I had a vision of bricks and debris falling on injured bodies. Then I realised this wasn't all imagination. I heard voices screaming; screaming in the way I'd always imagined people would scream when attacked by an enemy—angrily, furiously.

David and I looked at each other wide-eyed. I murmured, "It's come," and rushed down the stairs, David limping along behind me.

Pandemonium had broken loose in the street. In the dim light I could see about twenty people in the middle of the road, and strewn all about were not broken bodies, but broken bottles! The reaction, coupled with the relief, was too much; I started to giggle, and stretching my hand out to David said, "I think I'm going to faint," and promptly did.

Inching had scurried like a terrier under his bed.

"Reach me the sack," he whispered. "I've eight bottles o' rum here."

"Ready?" said Goodwin.

I have never forgotten that hurried, whispered leave-taking. Thynne was not even a shadow as he gripped my hand. "Hugh, if you reach the Indies, would you send us a parcel of spices? We'll know by that you've won through, and Mrs. Thynne is partial to a bit of seasoning in her food. And tell Tom he's to have no fears for little Hugh."

Half an hour later we were gliding down the bay with no sound but the faint plop of the oars, and dawn found us ten miles to the north of Port Jackson, our hearts lightening with every mile we put behind us.

Our boat was of the kind furnished to many of His Majesty's ships, and known as a launch; her length was twenty-two feet and her beam six; her shape and unusual depth made her remarkably dry in ordinary weather. We had reason to be grateful to the men who designed and constructed her. She was rigged with two masts and lug sails.

We had seven hundred miles of open sea to cross before we would reach the sheltered lagoons of the Great Barrier Reef, and the distance was increased because of our need to hug the coast.

We fell in with the Great Reef and passed three days and nights of misery while searching for an entrance. But Providence was with us, and on the fourth day we found an entrance, all of a quarter of a mile wide, and sailed in without mishap.

Good fortune now followed us as if in recompense for the miseries we had endured. We reached the tropics, and cold weather became a thing of the past; the trade wind held warm and steady between south-east and east, spending us on our passages between the islets, where we camped almost every night.

Water was to be found on many of the larger islands; only on rare occasions were we obliged to risk a brush with the blacks by filling our kegs on the main.

The sea birds were beginning to

lay; their flesh and eggs, boiled or roasted, provided us with many a meal. We ate shellfish until we were weary of them, and when we drew our net, we often liberated the half of the catch.

A sense of our loneliness drew us more and more closely together as we moved slowly northward between the twin immensities of land and sea. For all, save Bella Goodwin, this was a time of increasing hope and confidence. She seemed to have lost all interest in living, to be fading gradually under the influence of an illness which was more of the mind than of the body.

This was our main worry as we made our way steadily north.

For eight days we had camped in a cove sheltered from easterly winds, where a run of sweet water found its way down to the beach. This would be our last camp before pushing out to open sea and the Dutch East Indies.

Both fish and game were plentiful here, and we soon laid in and salted provisions sufficient to carry us through the last leg of the voyage. Water was our chief concern, but we estimated that, by allowing a pint a day to each person, our fifteen gallons should last us as many days.

Had it not been for Mrs. Goodwin, our prospects would have seemed brighter than at any time in the past.

We realised that Bella had come to the end of her tether; she would die here, or on the passage to Timor. She had sunk rapidly during the previous fortnight. Now she lay in a kind of stupor, scarcely conscious of what was taking place around her. Whatever his feelings, Dan had kept his own counsel until the evening when all was in readiness for proceeding.

Tommy was already asleep at his mother's side. Garth sat on watch by the sick woman, who had taken no food the day long. Dan rose, with a nod to Oakley and me, and we followed him to the beach.

"Lads," he said, "this is our last camp. It's open sea, now, to Timor. I wish your advice. Can Bella support the voyage?"

"No," said I. "We must wait, Dan, till she picks up a bit."

"That would be my wish," said Dan, but with luck we've a fortnight to fetch Timor."

"Dan," said I, "this is a thing for you to decide."

"It's bitter hard. But Bella's done for; that's plain truth." He walked up and down before us; then he said, "We're obliged to go on, but for Bella's sake I'll ask ye all to stop here two days more."

That length of time was not required. Bella died the following morning, with Goodwin and Nellie sitting by her. We buried her in the night and marked the lonely grave with a border of sun-bleached coral fragments. The sun had just risen when we rowed out of the cove. The breeze was blowing fresh and fair. We hoisted sail and bore off to the westward.

The horror of the sixteen days' voyage to the Dutch Indies was concentrated in the last three days of the passage. Nothing went amiss during the first week, the breeze was light, but fair, and so it held until, by Goodwin's reckoning, we were within two hundred miles of our destination.

But in the next week it fell dead calm and remained so day after day.

For three days we had not been able to touch the remains of our fish or wallaby meat. Of necessity, they had been so imperfectly dried and salted that they had gone rotten in the heat. But thirst, not hunger, was the torment. We had no little water left that we were obliged to cut down the ration to a quarter of a pint, issued at noon.

I have only a nightmarish recollection of the last thirty-six hours of the voyage.

The last thing I remembered was Nellie calling weakly, "Look yonder," and we began struggling up to stare out over the sea.

A large ship lay becalmed about two miles distant, her dingy brown sails hanging limp from the yards. And between her and ourselves, a boat, rowing four oars or six, I couldn't be sure which, appeared and disappeared as she approached us over the glassy sea.

To be continued

MOPSY—the Cheery Redhead



"I'm extremely sorry, Madam, but your size just doesn't come under the new Government regulations!"

Instructive tour for Quiz Kids

During the recent school holidays Australia's five famous Quiz Kids of Station 2GB had an experience they will not easily forget.

They were taken on a tour of three important centres of New South Wales—one to the north, another to the south, and a third to the south-west—and saw Australia's industrial development at first hand.

ON their return to Sydney, good news awaited two of them—14-year-old Audrey Baker and 13-year-old Bernard Lake—when they learned that they had passed the Intermediate Examination with 7 A's.

Of the three trips, the visit to Canberra proved the most interesting—for the Quiz Kids saw Australia's law-makers and leaders on the job in Parliament.

At Canberra they were in charge of Miss Joy Morgan, while their itinerary was in the hands of Colonel Jones, of the C.I.B., who arranged for them to see many sights and many institutions that are not generally open to the public. They talked with Mr. Menzies. They chatted with Sir Charles Marr, with Mr. Drakeford, Minister for Air, and with Senator Collings, Minister for the Interior.

They visited the home of Mr. Nelson Johnson, U.S.A. Minister to Australia, who introduced them to his charming wife, and his two children, Betty James and Nelson, Junior. They were also given a special screening of slides illustrating Nelson Johnson's stay in Chungking.

School's appeal

BUT of all the things they saw, one of the most memorable proved to be a visit to the Canberra High School. The girls of the party were particularly interested in the Domestic Science section, where the complete interior of a modern home is at the disposal of the children. In the modern kitchen the children prepare meals, which they serve in the fully-furnished dining-room.

The girls of the party, Audrey Baker and Dorothy Revie, (a Hongkong evacuee) were thrilled and fascinated by the electrical appliances. The boys—James Hagan, Bernard Lake, and Alan Mitchell—were equally fascinated by the carpentry section, and both boys and girls found much to interest them in the scientific laboratories.

The Quiz Kids also spent a pleasant and instructive half-day at the Canberra War Memorial. They visited many sights of historical importance, and in a few days gained an insight into Australia's national life that reading would never have given them.

The Quiz Kids broadcast from Station 2GB at 7.18 every Sunday night.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 158-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2547



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN
ATTRACTIVE SUITS FOR SMALL BOYS

Sizes: 6 to 12 months, 1 to 2 years, 3 to 4 years.

No. 1: Smock and Rompers. Requires 3yds. 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Suit. Requires 1 1/2yds. 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Rompers. Requires 3/4yds. 36ins. wide.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"Alice" Sprigged Poplin Suit



"ALICE" is a delightfully cool and ultra-flattering little suit made in hard-wearing poplin, with dainty sweet-pea in red and blue, mauve and blue, cyclamen and turquoise and amber and red, rambling over a natural background.

The high neckline is finished with a youthful Peter Pan collar and the graceful skirt is gathered all round.

When ordering "ALICE" suit please state hip and bust measurements.

Sizes: 32, 34, 36-inch bust, ready to wear, 42/6 (17 cns.); cut out only, 32/11 (17 cns.).

Sizes: 38 and 40-inch bust, ready to wear, 42/6 (17 cns.); cut out only, 38/6 (17 cns.).

Postage, 1/9; ready to wear, 1/6; cut out only.

How to obtain "ALICE." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



DAINTY LUNCHEON OR SUPPER SET

327

THE lovely little cloth and serviettes illustrated above come to you with the lilac design traced clearly on a good heavy organdie in shades of lemon, green, pink, and blue, for summer afternoons or evenings. The cloth measures 36ins. by 36ins., and serviettes 11ins. x 11ins.

A lilac spray is featured in each corner, and is meant to be worked in either vivid or delicate shades to tone with the material. Serviettes carry one spray. Edges are plain.

Cloth only, 5/9, plus 5d. postage. Serviettes, 1/- each, plus 2d. postage. The complete set, comprising cloth and four serviettes, cost 7/6, plus 6d. post.

TAILORED BLOUSE

THIS charming and different little style may be had traced clearly on a delightful heavyweight satin in shades of magnolia, pale blue, salmon-pink, and white. We can also supply this ready-to-make blouse in rayon crepe-de-chine, a hard-wearing material with a silky finish. It comes in shades of pink, blue, mauve, and white.

The length of the blouse has been specially considered. A good tuck-in has been allowed.

Ready to make in sizes, 32 to 34ins. Satin, 15/11; rayon crepe-de-chine, 12/11, plus 6 coupons. Sizes, 36 to 38ins. Satin, 18/11; rayon crepe-de-chine 16/11, plus 6 coupons. Postage, 6d. extra.

CHIC FROCK FOR CHILD

THIS dear little frock has been designed for play hours. It is fashioned in a hard-wearing material named linette, and it is traced clearly for making up in shades of pink, blue, green, lemon, brown, ceru, and white.

Sizes, 1 to 2 years, 3/11 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 4/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra. Paper pattern, 1/4.

Please quote No. 339 when ordering.

339



F2547—Smart and workmanlike overall, 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3273—Simply-tailored style with important fashion details. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1302—Cool and flattering style for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3yds. for frock, and 1yds. for bolero, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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A.I.F. WEDDING. Lieut. Lloyd Sommerlad, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Mavis Paterson, leaving St. Clement's Church, Mosman, after their wedding.



OPEN-AIR BALLET. Members of the Polish-Australian Ballet, Jean Edwards, Stephanie Edge, and Raissa Kouznetsova, rehearse in the open air for their performance on February 20 in the Phillip Park Open Air Theatre for the Children's Library Movement.



NEW AMERICAN OFFICERS' REST CLUB. Mrs. Sally Whitaker, acting director of new American Red Cross Officers' Rest Club at Elizabeth Bay, and Mr. Dow E. Sweeney, who is Club Supervisor, return from visit of inspection of club, opening this week.



LIEUT. "BLUE" LANGLEY. R.A.N.V.R., and his wife taken after their wedding at St. Bartholomew of the Great, London. Bride was Vere Dodd, of London.

On and off DUTY.

THE flag of Mission for Seamen all over the world bears an angel flying, so new club rooms opened by Sydney Mission for Seamen at Rawson Institute last week is called "Flying Angel" Club for Merchant Seamen.

Club, which has canteen and dance floor, is converted from old gymnasium in mission. Former recreation-room is turned into comfortable lounge, and supper-room becomes billiard room.

Lady Wakehurst performs opening ceremony of new club, and opening is attended by representatives of shipping firms, Army and Navy officers and crews, and representatives of the Dutch and Norwegian Consulates.

UNEXPECTED extension of leave for Lieut. Peter Thompson, so he sends four urgent wires to fiancée Pat Chisholm, who is holidaying at Austimner, before he can contact her.

Pat, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Chisholm, of Merrilla, Goulburn, comes to Sydney and has day and a half to arrange wedding.

She and Peter are married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and small reception afterwards at the Macquarie Club.

The bride's grandmother, Dame Alice Chisholm, O.B.E., who was decorated for her services in the last war, and who is now 87 years of age, travels all the way from her home in Boldrewood in order to attend the wedding.

RED CROSS Doll's House, which is prize in Penny Seals Competition, has round-eyed children as constant visitors at Anthony Hordern's. Miniature mansion was made by Mr. W. J. James, who spent a year on its construction.

As he used only his leisure hours, problem which faces competitors is to guess number of hours it took to build the toy home.

Mrs. Nigel Smith, president of committee, tells me entry forms complete with threepenny seals available at every metropolitan Red Cross branch.

CHEERY send-off at Central station for Audrey Hunt, who leaves with Land Army girls to do season's fruit-picking in country district. Her mother, Mrs. A. K. Hunt, and friends go down to station to wave good-bye to Audrey, who gives up office job to join up.

Audrey's father, Sapper A. K. Hunt, and her brother, Gunner Don Hunt, are both on active service with the A.I.F.

LOVELY diamond ring for Nance Richardson when she announces her engagement to Herbert Gibson.

Nance is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Richardson, of Goonimbah, Trangle, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Gibson, of Narromine.

Nance tells me her father has no other help on their sheep station save herself, "and so this means I do all the mustering and odd jobs."

Betty



VISUAL SIGNALLING. Margaret Bryant and Rhonda Miller, who are both awaiting call-up in the W.R.A.N.S. as visual signallers, practise their signalling in the Women's Emergency Signal Corps in Clarence Street.

Heard Around TOWN

ALTERATIONS at A.C.U.A. Navy Club chief topic among club workers. Cheque for £100 forwarded by Admiral Muirhead Gould from proceeds of submarine exhibition helped considerably with furnishing bills.

Further cheque is received by council of the club (Mrs. C. Du Val, Mrs. W. Scott, and Mrs. Harry Daley) when Mrs. Briton Langdon and Audrey Beckers present proceeds of gymkhana held at Bradfield for club funds.

EARLY rising for Claudia Beasley these days. Claudia sets alarm for 4 a.m. so that she can help with work on farm at Camden.

Besides this, Claudia is member of Camden V.A. detachment and spends several days a week at the local hospital.

She was down in Sydney for the week-end, and stayed with Mrs. Gavin Cobcroft at her flat in Manly.

ON leave from A.I.F., Lieut. Jim McCloy and wife Louise spend happy week at Palm Beach. Mrs. Allan Lewis lends them her cottage for the week.

For remainder of leave, Jim and Louise go to Canberra, where they visit Jim's sister, Mrs. Richard Grace.

ELEGANT Mrs. Randolph Kidder is much missed in Sydney circles, but reports from Canberra say that she and Randy, who is vice-consul and second secretary to the American Legation, are enjoying life in the Federal Capital.

Mrs. Kidder recently returned from the United States, where she has left her two children, Michael and Charlotte, for the duration.



AUDIENCE. Mrs. Cassie Godfrey and Captain Eugene Dachelette attend the premiere of Helene Kirsova's ballet season at the Conservatorium for the Legacy Club War Orphans' Appeal.



Y.W.C.A. HOME. Servicewomen at Ranelagh are Pte. Wilma Maudsberry, A.W.A.S. (back), Pte. Lloyd Bird, A.W.A.S., and V.A.D. Elizabeth Bryan (front), and (right) Pte. D. Dwyer, A.W.A.S., and V.A.D. H. Macdonald.



CATHEDRAL WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. John Bernard Raymond after their wedding at St. Mary's Cathedral. Bride, who was Patricia (Bebe) Stephens, is fifth in family of five sisters to be married at St. Mary's Cathedral.



• Busy Panlette Goddard, seen above in Spanish mood, has in the last few months made Paramount's "Forest Rangers," "Crystal Ball," "Star-Spangled Rhythm," and now, "So Proudly We Hail."

• Specialist Sonja Henie (above, left) has brought her skating talents back to Hollywood, for Fox films like "Iceland," a topical musical with John Payne. Her next is "Quota Girl," another timely star.

• Freelance Priscilla Lane likes contrasts. After "Saboteur" at Universal, in which she hurried through espionage drama, she went over to Fox for a Jack Benny comedy, "The Meanest Man in the World."

Movie World

BEAUTY with a PURPOSE

• The three popular girls shown on this page are typical of the Hollywood of 1943. Forgotten are the holidays and exciting setbacks of peacetime. Without grumbling they go from one film to another—because the public and the services are hungry for entertainment. When not in the studio they are busy with war work—and their only worry is that they are not doing as much as the girls of the services.





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Steinbeck comedy of California



People from an older day

THE happy-go-lucky people of John Steinbeck's book, "Tortilla Flat," which has been filmed by MGM, are known to California as "paisanos."

Literally translated, the word means peasant. But as applied to the small group which lives at Monterey Bay, California, it means descendants of the early California-Spanish families, who to-day live a contented happy life without any of the amenities of civilisation.

MGM selected a most colorful group from its studio to play out the comedy of "Tortilla Flat." Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, and John Garfield are starred. Akim Tamiroff, Henry O'Neill, John Qualen, and Sheldon Leonard have important roles.

Director is Victor Fleming, who has handled such successes as "Captains Courageous" and "Gene With the Wind."



1 CAREFREE

rascals
Danny (Garfield), Pilon (Tracy) spend days gossiping.

2 NEWCOMER to "Tortilla Flat," Spanish-American Dolores (Lamarr), snubs Pilon and Danny as worthless idlers.



3 INHERITING HOUSE from grandfather, Danny sets up bachelor establishment of song and laziness with Pilon, Pablo (Akim Tamiroff), and Tito (Sheldon Leonard).



4 UNIMPRESSED, Dolores tells Danny that she won't marry a jobless man.



5 FURIOUS, Danny visits cannery to make trouble, but is stopped by foreman.



6 INJURY to Danny in cannery machinery makes Dolores realise she loves him.



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VIROL

RESTRICTIONS and difficulties of distribution due to war conditions have unfortunately resulted in VIROL, the well-known building-up and restorative food, being in short supply.

It is hoped that the time is not too far distant when supplies of Virol—the favourite food supplement for children during the years of growth—can again be made available.

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Remnants pay dividends in chic . . .

REMAKINGS and renovations have never been so well or so scientifically done as they are to-day when fashion experts and leading designers are combining to show women how best to use the contents of their rag-bags.

These days we see the most fascinating hats, bags, gloves, and blouses made out of scraps of felt and material that a couple of years ago would probably have found their way to the dustbin.

WE see children's rompers made from their father's shirts . . . a smart shirt-blouse from a worn-out pair of pyjamas . . . beguiling pinafore frocks made from a cotton evening skirt.

LIFT your spirits and those of all beholders with gay colors . . . a candy-pink bow tying back your curls . . . a felt cummerbund in clear, primary yellow . . . a handbag and cute fez in multi-colored stripes . . .

SHOP carefully for a few gay remnants, then set about changing the face of last summer's togs . . . it's so simple to do with a perky little waistcoat, a brand-new yoke, or spanking fresh team of accessories . . .

DAILY-COLORED webbing, which in pre-war days was used only for upholstery, is now being plaited with a darning weave into effective and capacious pochette handbags . . . linings are of fabric suede with a multitude of pockets. A strip of matching webbing is usually worn instead of a belt, and glove gauntlets are trimmed with narrower bands . . .

A NEW plain bodice makes a world of difference to a print frock . . . last year's floral evening gown becomes this year's turban and gloves . . . a prim, short-sleeved frock develops contrasting half-sleeves . . . and according to their size remnants become jerkins, yokes, inset panels, sleeves, and pockets . . . So gay and pretty . . . So compliment-invoking. —PEG MCCARTNEY.



● A cute new tailored bodice front and narrow belt done in acid-green works wonders for a perfectly plain purple frock.

● A red dinner frock can be simply made into an attractive bolero frock for town wear. Shorten the skirt, use the bodice for the bolero and add a saucy white waistkit spotted in red.



● This perky little fez and matching handbag were made from a remnant of green hopsac linen striped with brown and white.

● Bring a festive air to a blue shirtwaist frock by adding a couple of wide bands—one red, one green—crossed over front and back and forming a little basque to give the appearance of a jacket.

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CONSCIOUS

of a sudden warm surge of gratitude. Skip said, "Okay, fella!" He turned in his seat and motioned towards the escape hatch. "You can go, now," he told the general. He watched the big man curiously, for he realised all at once that a 300-pound man in a 24-foot service chute would fall so fast that the best he could hope for when he landed was two broken legs.

The general, he realised, must know this; and yet the general's face showed not a trace of fear. He merely shrugged, said, "Bonne chance!" and started to ease himself, feet foremost, through the gunner's door.

Skip throttled back, and slightly raised the XBGA's nose. Over his shoulder he said, "Now!" and waited for the ship to be relieved of the general's three-hundred-odd pounds. Nothing happened. Then there was a shout from behind him, and he turned in his seat.

The general was wedged half-way in and half-way out of the gunner's door, with his legs dangling in space, and his ample waist spread out over the combing; and it was immediately apparent that he would remain in that position for the rest of the flight. His corpulent body was too large to pass through the opening; and Skip knew that to lift him back into the ship was beyond his strength. He began to laugh. Reasonably, at first; and then uncontrollably.

Ed Riley heard him through the interphone. "What's so funny?" he asked. Skip managed to tell him, and Ed started to laugh, too.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he roared. "Ho! Ho! Ho! But what are you going to do about him?"

Skip waved his eyes with the back of his hand. "What can I do? I'm going to leave him there!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared Ed again. "I hope that landing's good! You're sure going to have a dead general if it isn't! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

And Skip realised, with a suddenness that left him shaken and sickened, that if he put the ship on the ground in any but the tricycle land-

ing position, or if—and this was very likely—he should bounce and drag his tail after landing, the general would almost certainly be cut in halves. A horrible desperation came over him.

"Ed!" he said frantically. "What's the use of kidding ourselves? I can't land this thing from back here. I can't see. Take a look at Wally. Yell at him. Do anything! See if you can't bring him to."

"Kid!" snapped Ed. "Quit that! You've got to land us. Wally's out of this picture. By the way, don't you want to get rid of some of this gas?"

"How can we?" Skip asked him. "I've still got that piece of cable. I think I can reach the dump valves with it."

"Fine!" said Skip. "Let both wing tanks go." Behind him, the general said, quite calmly, "The man up front, he is still there?"

Skip nodded. "Oui, M'sieu." He looked at the general over his shoulder. He was pale, but there was no trace of panic in his eyes. "I—I'm sorry that I laughed."

"It is nothing," said the general. "My position has its elements of drollness. I see now that the wheels are down. Since I can see them, may I suggest that you allow me to give you directions while you are landing? I have had much experience with fast ships."

Skip stared at him, and swallowed. "Oui, M'sieu le General. I should be glad of your help. And may I compliment you on your courage?"

"Courage?" said the general. "It is not courage. In my profession one does what one must. The man in front will guide your approach. At fifty metres from the ground I will take over. Above all, be calm," he added. "With the wheels down and the fuel you have just released—and which, incidentally, has given me a shower bath—our chances are much better."

"I'm sorry about the gasoline," said Skip. "I did not think about you." "It will soon evaporate," said the

It's Up to Skip

Continued from page 4

general. "Now, tell your man to make the approach. Be tranquil—and good luck..."

"Bonne chance, mon General," said Skip.

They came in on a long glide from over Western City. Looking back and down, Skip saw its tall buildings spread out like landmarks beneath him. He felt strange, and tight, and lonely and helpless...

Ed's voice said: "We're pretty low. You'd better give her a little gun."

Skip advanced his throttles a bit. "When I say 'okay,' next time," he said, "you stop talking. The general can see the wheels. He's going to talk me in."

"Got it, kid," said Ed. "Better cut your throttles now. And take it easy. You're doing fine."

"Thanks," said Skip. "Be sure your belt's tight."

"Don't worry about me," said Ed.

"I'm doing all right." Skip eased his throttles back. In his mind's eye he could see the field coming up before him as it had so many times before. Over to his left would be the factory buildings and the control tower; ahead—just above his nose—would be the sea and the horizon and on his right would be the private hangars on the far side of the field. He waited, his eyes on the air-speed indicator, keeping it carefully at 95 miles per hour.

Behind him, the general said in a calm voice, "Listen to me, now," and mechanically Ed said, "Okay, Riley." He shot a brief glance downwards at the ground below him. As he did so, the boundary markers, flashed past...

The general said, "We are drifting. Drop your left wing a little," and mechanically he pushed the stick slightly to the left, and then back. "Ex-cellent!" said the general. His voice, somehow, sounded cheerful and confident.

"And now, mon ami, ease back slightly on your stick," Skip did, and the air speed dropped towards the red line on the dial that marked the XBGA's stalling point.

"Easy!" said the general. "Good! Pick your right wing up! Now, float it! Float it! A little more! There!..."

The wheels touched, bounced slightly, and then touched again. "Forward with your stick!" said the general. "Keep the front wheel on the ground. Splendid!"

Skip reached forward and cut both switches. Through the interphone, Ed shouted, "Straighten her out! You're turning to the left!"

Skip kicked the right rudder, and glanced at the air-speed indicator. It read 80 miles an hour. Too fast! he thought. Too fast! Wasn't the thing ever going to stop?

"How much runway have we left?" he yelled into the interphone. His voice sounded strange and flat to him.

"About two hundred yards," said Ed in a matter-of-fact voice. "It's not enough. We're going to hit the fence." Behind him, the general's calm voice said, "Keep that stick forward, mon vieux. Hard!"

The air-speed indicator read 70 miles an hour. That meant that in some six seconds—or less—the XBGA, travelling at sixty miles an hour, was going to plough into the three-foot concrete retaining wall on the far end of the field.

"General," he shouted. "Pull your feet up if you can. I'm going to ground-loop!"

"No," yelled Ed. "Hold it!"

And then, all at once, the ship was slowing; and Skip realised that, somehow, brakes were being applied.

There was a sudden lurch, and the shriek of tortured rubber; and as he was thrown forward toward the bulkhead, the XBGA—wheels locked—stid to a screaming stop. And Skip knew that Ed, with the retaining wall six hundred feet ahead and the ship travelling at seventy miles an hour, had unbuckled his safety belt, and somehow reached through that small opening in the bulkhead above him to jam on the parking brake.

From far over to his left, Skip heard the wail of the crash wagon's siren. He undid his safety belt and got unsteadily to his feet. He looked at General Symarion. "You are all right, mon General!" he asked.

The general smiled. "I am fine," he replied.

"Okay, Riley?" he called into the interphone.

"Ducky, kid! Just ducky!" said Riley in a hollow voice.

Skip took the rest of the day off. He didn't see Tony until the next morning, when he came into the production office.

Tony looked up at him from behind his desk. He had a funny look on his face. "How you feeling, kid?" he asked.

"I feel all right," said Skip, unenthusiastically. "Did you hear anything about Wally?"

Tony took the dead cigar out of his mouth. His eyes were on the kid's face. "The doctor says he's going to be okay... I suppose you heard you're quite the little hero," he added.

Skip nodded. "Yes," he said savagely. "My hand's sore from all the congratulations."

"I'll bet," said Tony. "By the way, the general is putting in those auxiliary hydraulics you were yelling about."

"That's good," said Skip.

"The general spoke to the boss about you, too," said Tony. "He's going to give a banquet for you. A nice big banquet. You'll like that, now won't you?"

"No!" said Skip. "I don't want any banquet. Not for me, anyhow. The guys who ought to get the banquet are Riley and the general."

The funny look left Tony's eyes. "Then you learned something yesterday, did you?"

"Yes," Skip burst out. "I wasn't so smart, after all. Without those two guys to help me, and think for me most of the time, I'd have killed Wally and myself sure."

Tony said, "I'll speak to the boss, to-day, kid. We'll make that banquet for three."

"Good!" said Skip. He broke off for a moment and looked out into the street. "But look," he added. "I was right about those controls, wasn't I?"

"Oh, shut up and beat it!" growled Tony. But after Skip had left the office he leaned back in his chair, looked at the ceiling, and grinned.

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GOOD POSTURE conserves energy whether you are working or relaxing



WHETHER you're standing or sitting or walking or working—you'll do it better with low slumped posture. A certain amount of self-discipline may be needed at first, but after a while, when it becomes a habit, you'll thank the day you started on the posture road to better health. Good posture is the easiest posture once you've got into the way of it. The important things to remember are: keep the head up and chin in the back straight. Do not bend over your work; this strains the back muscles, compresses your lungs and abdominal organs.



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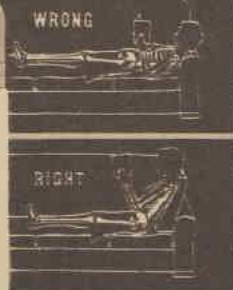
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No secret...that lettuce-like look

● Here's the way to look pleasantly fresh and cool on the hottest February day.

By MARY ROSE, our Beauty Expert

FIRST and foremost you should aim to keep yourself and your personal belongings immaculate. In hot, sultry weather two baths a day are essential. Do not rely on one cold shower to keep yourself fresh and fragrant. A warm bath is best.

Perspiration is in itself slightly oily, and the glands of the skin are persistently active, so use good soap, and plenty of it, in your bath. Add a pinch of soda if you perspire freely.

Wash all undies after every wearing. Use a deodorant under the arms. Be free with a fragrantly-perfumed talc, dust the body always after the bath.

Have dresses cleaned or laundered frequently. Air after wearing. Do not wear them if they show the slightest sign of soil or carry a hint of perspiration odor.

Air shoes. If you wear stockings, wash them daily and sprinkle talc into feet. If you go stocking-less, smear talc over feet before putting on shoes.

Keep your hair shiningly clean, fragrant, and well-groomed.

Use kerchiefs that are spotless and slightly fragrant of lavender.

Grapes do not cause appendicitis

● Medico gives the lie to the old theory, warns against self-treatment.

WE often hear that "truth is stranger than fiction," but sometimes it is the reverse, particularly in it so in medicine. You hear the strangest things.

For instance, the other day I had to send Mrs. Bridges' husband off to the hospital to have his appendix out.

While we were waiting for the ambulance, Mrs. Bridges asked me if everything would be all right. I hastened to assure her, and was glad I could, with an easy mind.

"I told him what would happen, doctor," she said. "He ate a whole pound of grapes, seeds and all."

"But, Mrs. Bridges," I exclaimed,

"that wouldn't give him appendicitis."

Most people who eat grapes swallow the seeds, and nearly everyone swallows some fruit seeds at one time or another. But appendicitis isn't that common. A surgeon so rarely finds a seed in the appendix that when he does it is news, and even then it isn't possible to be certain that the seed was responsible for the inflammation. Appendicitis is really caused by the appendix being infected with putrefying germs.

There was one thing that Mrs. Bridges did know, however (for which I was thankful), and that was not to give her husband an aperient.

Symptoms for appendicitis vary so much. They can't be pinned down to anything definite or clear-cut, and it isn't possible for the layman to know whether the trouble is appendix or "tummy-ache."

There is always abdominal pain—sometimes it is general, sometimes localised, and usually, after a varying interval of time, there is a tenderness in the region of the appendix. In some cases the pain is severe, in others, mild; it may be accompanied by fever and nausea or it may not.

Self-treatment is always a dangerous undertaking, and a large proportion of deaths from peritonitis is caused by attempts to cure so-called "tummy-aches" with castor oil.

Beware abdominal pain
YOU know the cause of a headache is not always in the head. It may be due to a disorder of the stomach. So, strange as it may seem, a pain in the stomach may be due to a disorder in the head.

In some cases abdominal pain is caused by what is familiarly known as a "floating kidney." Often a pain will come on after extra physical exertion, as running. Then again, it may be due to the absorption of poison from tonsils or measles. So you see how difficult it can be to diagnose the cause of a "tummy-ache."

Of course, a stomach-ache may be a stomach-ache and nothing more. Most people have little consideration for this overworked organ, and even the most hardened will rebel at times. But, before you reach for the medicine bottle and diagnose your trouble as something that disagreed with you, be careful.

Symptoms do not always run true to form. So, in the case of abdominal pain, take no chances. See your doctor early.



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Simply send your name and address to "ELASTO," Box 15528, Sydney for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of "Elasto" (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference "Elasto" makes. Obtainable from chemists and druggists everywhere. Price 2/6, one month's supply.

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THE "PATIENT" LIKED A ROMPING GAME—POOR PENNY'S HANDS WERE JUST A SHAME



"BUT NURSES DON'T HAVE HANDS LIKE YOU" SAID GRANNY, "THAT WOULD NEVER DO"



"I KNOW" WAS PENNY'S WISE REPLY "THEY USE THE SOLVOL TOO—THAT'S WHY!"

ALL HANDS TODAY NEED —



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THE Mexican figurines are singing the praises of the supper dish pictured at left. It is creamed corned beef and celery served South American style with curried fruits.

The recipe, you will note, is given below. Try it soon and you and the family will, too, sing its praises.

CREAMED CORNED BEEF (With Curried Fruit)

Two cups shredded cooked corned beef, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 4 cups sliced fruit such as apricot, peach, banana, apple, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon curry powder.

Make a white sauce by melting the first amount of butter, stirring in the flour and then the milk, gradually, and simmering for three minutes. Add the chopped, uncooked celery and then the shredded corned beef, and simmer until thoroughly hot, and season to taste. Melt the second amount of butter, add the curry powder and lemon juice, and then the fruit. Cook only until thoroughly hot and the fruit is tender without being broken. Pile the creamed beef and celery onto a hot entree dish, sprinkle heavily with chopped parsley, and pile the fruit at either end of the dish. Serve very hot with crisp Melba toast.

APRICOTS PRINCESSE

About 16 apricot halves, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup hot water, sugar or honey to taste, 3 egg-whites, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water.

Arrange the apricots in the bottom of a flat-bottomed mould. Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the hot water. Add the orange and lemon juice and sweeten to taste. Allow to cool and begin to set, and then whip in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour onto the apricots and chill. When quite firm turn out and serve with finger biscuits.

APPLES JACQUELINE

Four cooking apples, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 2 or 3 tablespoons biscuit or cake crumbs, fresh or mock whipped cream (may be omitted).

Peel and core apples. Melt butter, add honey and pour over the apples, which have been placed in an oven-proof dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes or until tender but not broken or too soft. Allow to cool and then brush with apricot jam and coat with crumbs of biscuits, cake or nuts. Chill thoroughly and pipe a rosette of cream on top.

CHATEAU BEEF SALAD

One dozen slices of thinly-sliced roast beef, mustard or chutney, 1½ cups of well-seasoned savory jelly, 1 cup diced potatoes, 1 cup cooked peas and beans, 1 dessertspoon chopped eschaloit, 2 cooked beetroot, chopped parsley and parsley sprigs, mayonnaise.

Roll the slices of beef neatly, trimming edges. They may be spread before rolling with mustard or chutney. Chop the savory jelly, which should be light and quivering and well seasoned. Combine the cooked potatoes, peas or beans, and eschaloit; slice the beetroot.

Pile the potato salad in the centre of a salad platter. Top with mayonnaise and sprinkle heavily with parsley. Surround with chopped aspic and arrange the beef rolls on the aspic, edging out from the vegetable salad. Overlap the beetroot slices between the rolls on each side of the platter. Serve very cold.

LIGHT DISHES FOR SUMMER MEALS...

● This week's recipes cater for summer appetites that demand light, savory dishes and sweets that are delicately inviting and cool.

By OLWEN FRANCIS, Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

PRECOOKING is required for four of the savory dishes.

This is a good summer habit if the kitchen has a refrigerator or a cool, airy safe.

The meat can be cooked in the cool of the morning or evening, and the assembling of the light, hot dish is a quick, simple process.

These dishes can be accompanied by the usual hot vegetables, although for summer cooking comfort, and for the full service of food value, one hot vegetable and an uncooked salad vegetable are recommended.

The field of summer sweets is a wide one, but whether of the cold, creamy variety or of the gelatine type, smoothness and feather light-

ness are their most essential characters.

Soften the gelatine and dissolve carefully, and do not set too quickly or too long.

Blend thickening ingredients, as cornflour and arrowroot, carefully to a thin paste, and cook with the remaining liquid over boiling water for 20 minutes, stirring frequently rather than by the direct-heat method.

This is more tedious, but the result is worth it.

SLICED LAMB (With Onion Purée)

About 1 doz. slices of boiled lamb or mutton, 1½ cups boiled onion, rubbed through a sieve, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, pepper and salt to taste, cayenne, chopped parsley.

Arrange the meat in overlapping slices on an ovenproof tableware dish. Mask with the onion purée, and sprinkle heavily with grated

cheese. Heat and lightly brown in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.). Serve lightly sprinkled with parsley and a dash of cayenne. Baked tomatoes are delicious with this dish. Serve piping hot.

VEAL CASOLETTES NAPOLITAINES

Two cups of minced, cooked veal, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 teaspoons flour, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 1½ cups milk, 1½ tablespoons grated cheese, pepper and salt, 12 pastry cases (about 2 inches in diameter), chopped parsley, cayenne pepper.

Make a sauce with the butter, flour and milk; simmer 2 or 3 minutes and then add the cheese and onion. Add the minced veal and season to taste. Pile into the hot pastry cases, which may have been made earlier and reheated. Top with parsley and a dash of cayenne. Serve piping hot with vegetables or as a separate entree.

DINNER PARTY STEAKS

One and half to 2lb. thinly-sliced rump or round steak, 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 or 2 cloves, few peppercorns, about 1 dozen oysters, egg and breadcrumbs.

Cut the steak into service-sized pieces and cut a pocket in each piece. Place on dish and sprinkle with lemon juice or vinegar, which has been mixed with the onion, cloves, and peppercorns. Stand for a couple of hours, either covered in the refrigerator, or in an airy place. Insert one or two oysters in each steak pocket and skewer with small wooden pick. Dip in egg and then in bread-crumbs. Place on a greased oven tray, cover with greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Serve hot with fried potatoes and hot green vegetable or with salad.

PLUM MOUSSE

One and a half cups red plum puree, 2½ tablespoons cornflour, 1 pint milk, sugar to taste, 1 or 2 egg-whites.

Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk. Heat the remaining milk with 1 tablespoon sugar. Stir in the cornflour and simmer for 3 minutes, or over boiling water for 20 minutes. Cool slightly, stir in plum puree, and then the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Sweeten further to taste, if necessary. Pour into a wetted mould. Turn out when set and serve with sweet biscuits.





SWEET CORN as an extra vegetable: Remove the husks and silky threads. Boil 10 to 20 minutes in unsalted water or milk and water. Drain well. Cut from the cob and season with butter and salt. Delicious!



USE UP any left-over mashed potato in this moulded salad. Mix with mayonnaise, parsley, eschallot, and hard-boiled egg, and press into a greased mould. Chill until firm. Serve as shown in picture.



JUST A POT of blackberry jam, but Jimmy thinks it's good. Gather the berries while you can, and stock up your shelves. Think of the luscious tarts in winter-time.

To brighten up the daily round of meals . . .

● Homemakers send their best kitchen-tested recipes to help you and others and win cash prizes for their enterprise.

HONEY biscuits collect the main prize of £1 this week. They are wholesome, and inexpensive.

All others published are worth trying.

HONEY BISCUITS

One egg, 2 dessertspoons honey, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar (or substitute), vanilla, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 4oz. arrowroot, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg and honey, then the flours which have been well sifted with the cream of tartar and soda. Flavor with vanilla. Roll and cut into shapes. Brush with egg-white, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) from 12 to 15 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. M. Muller, Muttaharra, Qld.

PEACH CHUTNEY

(For cold meats)

Four pounds yellow peaches, 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. stoned raisins, 4oz. preserved ginger, 2oz. garlic, 1oz.

salt, 1oz. cayenne pepper, 1 pint vinegar.

Peel peaches, remove stones, put all ingredients in pan and boil one hour. If garlic is unprocurable, use onion.

Consolation Prize 2/6 to Mrs. B. Humphreys, 76 Bridge St., Kensington, S.A.

BRAN AND GINGER CRISPS

Three ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons ginger (ground), pinch of salt, 1 cup clean bran.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, mix in flour sifted with powders and salt, and then the clean bran. Use a little milk to make a firm dough, or if liked a small egg. Roll out with a little bran on the board, cut into squares and bake about 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

FRENCH TOMATO CHEESE

Melt 1oz. butter in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, stir together and add 2½ tablespoons grated cheese (mild cheese is best). Mix again and add a few drops lemon juice. Season with cayenne pepper to taste, and serve on buttered toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Smith, Hillside, Vic.

DEVILLED CORN TOMATOES

Remove husk and silky threads from corn cob, plunge into boiling water and cook for 5 minutes. Cover and leave for 15 minutes in the water. Then strain and scrape the corn from the cob. Take as many tomatoes as are required, remove tops, and scoop out some of the centre. Sprinkle the corn with curry powder and place a small quantity in the centre of each tomato. Put a small lump of butter on the top of each, and put the tomato top on. Put in the oven and bake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Knight, 8 Philip Court, 1 Latimer Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Half a gallon vinegar, 1 pint soy, 1oz. garlic, 1oz. salt, 1oz. cloves, 1oz. white pepper, 1 nutmeg, 1oz. allspice, 1 dessertspoon cayenne, 1lb. sugar, 1½ tablespoons flour.

Boil together for 1 hour vinegar, soy, garlic, salt, cloves, pepper, nutmeg, allspice, cayenne, and sugar.

Strain. Mix flour with little vinegar, add, and boil sauce 10 minutes longer. Bottle and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mary Chambers, c/o Post Office, Swan Hill, Vic.

FRUIT SPONGE

Juice 2 oranges, juice 1 lemon, juice 6 passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 heaped tablespoon powdered gelatine, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups water.

Mix flour with a little water. Dissolve gelatine in half-cup of water. Put all ingredients except passionfruit in saucepan and bring to boil. When nearly cold beat until fairly stiff, then add passionfruit, and mould. Serve with whipped cream and passionfruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Garvin, 336 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

Taking Baby's Temperature

By our Mothercraft Nurse



WHEN OUR PHOTOGRAPHER asked Suzanne Irene Simpson if he might take her picture, she just laughed and laughed. Life at 18 months of age looks pretty good to this lovely young lady.

A RISE in temperature is often one of the evidences of illness in a previously healthy baby.

Sometimes, however, a young mother worries unnecessarily about slight rises in temperature. Unless the baby appears ill, and the rise in temperature is prolonged, there is no cause for undue anxiety.

A leaflet giving some simple hints on the treatment of a feverish condition, and describing other signs associated with a high temperature, has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be sent free if a request, with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft".



Back in the Ritz grill maybe I used to fix YOU a steak twelve months ago. Then things up North started to sizzle and I decided to help "cook" the Jap's "goose".



Still a shower with Lifebuoy soon peps me up. Its soothing lather is just the thing for a wind-burned skin. And in this heat, a man needs Lifebuoy to chase stickiness away.

Prevents "B.O." and with a rich creamy lather that's extra mild.



So here I am — a "babbling brook" in the Army. But, fellas, dinkum, these blokes eat so much they ought to be wearing nose bags! Great fellows they are — but they give me plenty to do.



Then I'm all set for an evening in the local dance hall, a friendly rough-house with one of the boys or whatever's going. A Lifebuoy shower picks you up after the heaviest day.



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